

THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

Vol. LXI

SEPTEMBER 7, 1916

No. 724

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THE CRITICAL COMPROMISE.

"Do you know Friar Claude?" asks Master Francis Rabelais's Friar John. "Oh, the good companion that he is! But I wonder what fly has stung him. He does nothing but study since I don't know when. As for me, I study not at all. We are no students, in our abbey, for fear of the mumps. Our late abbot was wont to say that it is a monstrous thing to see a learned monk."

The practitioners of criticism in the present generation are divisible into two grand classes, the Friar Claudes and the Friar Johns, and a third class on whom these two waste no respect. The Claudes, stung into studiousness by some malicious insect hostile to convivially intellectual spirits, withdraw themselves from friendly conversation about books and authors so that they may devote their talents with cumulative zeal to problems of influences, tendencies, decadences, reversions, efflorescences, anticipations, and whatever other intensive or extensive matters of mighty importance may be submitted to the prettily assembled machinery of inductive or deductive critical processes. They have no leisure for the easy chair and the talkative sprightliness of "literary letter" or causerie. They have no desire to please any but a reader who wears the meticulous nose-glasses of somewhat erudite insistences. They like to astound him whose scholarship is palpably circumscribed. They cannot warm to their tasks of measurement and assay unless they are mentally garbed in academic cap and gown or something correspondingly formidable and austere.

With utmost gravity these "savants" (the name by which the newspapers honor and humor them) will undertake to prove, for instance, that some short-lived philanderer with the muses in the seventeenth century (a "third-rater," probably, whom to your shame you may have totally forgotten), that this person, had his span been longer, would have experienced no greater visitations of the divine afflatus as a poet, but as a dramatist must certainly have achieved rare technical power. This is a favorite kind of enterprise with them, but they can be clever at other

sorts of critical divination and disclosure. They can establish a sure mark of artistic consanguinity between the late Paul Hervieu and Racine. They can elaborate, "philosophically," the paradox that Oscar Wilde was essentially a classicist by very reason of his romanticism (or the other way around). But that is easy. They could with equal dexterity and assurance, did the notion strike them, make it apparent that Hazlitt was a disciple of Heraclitus because both condemned the common man. At their best they can come near being as glibly theoretical, as impudent, as downright, as complacent, as ingenuous, as profound as the masters of criticism, without ever for a moment running the risk of being as interesting as any of these. There was a time when they might have been good companions, but now they are merely students. At their worst they are like those ancient Chinese scholars whose learning was computed by loads. A book in that day was so ponderous that a yoke of oxen was required to draw it, and no man could qualify as a scholar worthy of homage until he had mastered five carts. The Friar Claude of criticism has usually mastered his five.

How different is the way of the Friar Johns! They are still and forever a light-hearted (and sometimes perhaps a briskly light-headed), irresponsible crew. They never know a *triste* hour. The day is hardly long enough to allow full swing to their high spirits. If they locked themselves up in the refrigerating cell of literary research, surely they would have the intellectual mumps. But as it is, they never even catch a cerebral cold, never get snuffy and ill-tempered like the Friar Claudes. They are characteristically boisterous and gymnastic, adept at verbal legerdemain, given to the mimicry of airs and graces, fond of shocking grown-up ladies whose cultivation is of the most elegantly lace-like quality, fond of pleasing young people who have a frank fancy for being amused at the simplicity of their elders. They will toss you off a coruscant column every day, or a variegated cluster of half a dozen columns once a week, or a dashing cavalier little essay once a month, as you prefer. They will anatomize for you the book of the minute or an old survivor from less prolific times with a surgical spontaneity that is delightfully oblivious to the welfare of the

"case." They will discover for you a "tremendous trifle" or a variation of type with as much skill in entertainment as if they were the climactic artists in the programme at the vaudeville. They will dazzle you with a tumbling and glittering cargo of "Ivory, Apes and Peacocks" until your mind is set spinning like a Christmas top. They will give you as swift a ride about the literary world as if they had you on something like one of those contrivances for testing the nerves and the breathing apparatus at a summer park. You leap and fly and plunge from music to drama, to novel, to poetry, from Russia to Italy and from Ireland to Japan. It is amazing, how many names and titles and phrases these quick-witted monologists, magicians, and ventriloquists of criticism have at their tongue's tip all the time. Knowledge is theirs in inexhaustible plenty, but it would be monstrous if they were "learned." Never is there any suggestion of the lamp, of the long session, in studious solitude, with the multitudinous page. Look for no pallor in their cheeks. Theirs is always a ruddy hue.

The third class of critics, scorned alike by the Claudes and the Johns, is comprised of those polite and kindly writers who, from their comfortable cushions, in their beautifully appointed studies, surrounded by abundant but not vulgarly numerous rows of eminently distinguished volumes, are the "interpreters" of literature to "the people." They are very fluent and graceful, these well-groomed writers, with their finely manicured style. Any trimly "cultured" person among their many thousands of devotees will testify that they have charm. What is more significant, they are commonly described as being very "helpful." They are fertile in "Fireside Talks," in "Half-Hours with the Poets," and in those stimulating revelations that are most fitly gathered under the strangely surprising head of "Literature and Life." The world of woman is especially dear to these excellently gentlemanly benefactors of the reading public. Their essays and chapters are particularly suitable for reading aloud, are wealthy and readily accessible mines of fortifying quotation, and provide perfect models for papers to be delivered before women's clubs. The copies of the books by these "interpreters" in public libraries (and, to the impotent disgust of professors, in college libraries also) are always well

thumbed and smutched, and liberally decorated with marginal pencilings. The publishers' notices always assure you that the new books by these favorites, "now ready," are full of that "fine flavor," that "keen appreciation," that "subtle sense of values," and that "spiritual insight" for which "all true lovers of literature" are perpetually athirst. Besides, these attractively wrapped packages of inspiration are frequently illustrated with photographs of authors, their homes, their wives, their horses, their work-tables, etc., which cannot but bring us nearer to the heart of the personality behind a book. The interpretative writer of this neat and "uplifting" criticism is a philanthropist, a patron who graciously gives of his store that all may be enriched. And his books are invaluable as gifts when the holidays tax our wits again or on the occasion of birthdays and commencements. But Friar Claude will curl his lip, and Friar John will throw a caustic jibe.

Undoubtedly there is room in the world for different kinds of criticism, perhaps as many different kinds as there are varieties of literature. If, in spite of all the combustions that keep setting parts of the world on fire, we are willing to admit that we live in a humanitarian age, when even the incarcerated felon is beloved by conductors of correspondence courses and when a large fraction of civilized mankind is somewhat scientifically busied about educating the other fraction in everything from the care of babies to folk dancing, then we ought to be willing to allow enough range of appeal in criticism to admit all classes of readers to a share in its benefits. Every once in a while some jealous cherisher of high ideals in taste protests against the encouragement that contemporary publication gives to mediocrity, and reaffirms the especial privileges as mentors that belong to the cultivated classes. Just recently a contributor to one of our most unbending magazines declared that the established classics of literature, being essentially aristocratic, would prove to be the most potent corrective of those two primary weaknesses in democracy, lack of perspective and lack of discrimination, which doom the democratic experiment to permanent failure. But the literary aristocrats, however right, would seem to be a rather tiny minority, and there is reason to believe that a vast number of respectably intelligent and

unassuming people are willing to receive instruction in what constitutes the difference between the true and the meretricious, the strong and the weak, the longeuous and the ephemeral, both in the books that we have long had about and in those that shower daily on our heads, and yet hold themselves suspiciously aloof from the instructors of the highest breeding. If this view be taken, then in all justice we should endeavor to encourage a type of criticism which, general in its address, but without loss of dignity, will minister to the wants of the entirely estimable reader who carries the handicap of ordinary limitations in intellectual and imaginative capacity, of ordinary poverty in knowledge of literary history and critical opinion.

Such a criticism seems likely to be a bundle of compromises. It will have something of Friar Claude's studiousness, something of Friar John's jauntiness, something of the "uplifting interpreter's" talkative kindness. But it will be superior to all three. The virtual but untitular "doctor of letters" who ventures upon practising the profession created by this ideal must be the possessor of a marvellous tact. The moment that his thought becomes oversubtle, or that his air is the least bit patronizing, the moment that he appears unwarrantably to relish his own cleverness or to parade his learning, he fails of his proper effect and falls into one or another of the classes that we have indicated. He must believe that superficial clarity is better than profound obscurity, and yet not be afraid of taxing for all it is worth the intelligence of whomever he addresses. He must expect to be sometimes disappointing to the reader whose culture has mounted several degrees above that of the man whose propensity for books is countered by natural inhibitions in the way of enjoying and mastering them. He must expect to be sometimes unperspicuous to the one whose culture lies several degrees below. Yet he must try to render impressions and judgments that will deserve the attention of the first and will be interestingly provocative of thinking to the second. He must have the salt of humor and the sugar of winning phrase. The essential simplicity of the pretentiously scholarly critic, or of the entertainer, or of the "uplifter," cannot be his. Complex must be his method, his aim, his mode of speech. He must be honorable in his dealings with books

and authors, and with his heterogeneous readers. Yet he must be wily, too, in the ordering of his opinions, in his application of touchstones, in his choice of allusion, comparison, quotation, in his suggestion of coigns of vantage from which a work may be best regarded. In the world of criticism he must correspond to the ideal representative of the people in the legislature or the judiciary of a democratic state. He must be wiser than his constituents, quicker than they to see how the wind blows, more competent to detect fallacy and sham, more powerful in the accrediting of what has merit and permanence. At the same time he must be of them, not superior to them. He must be their voice, yet his own voice must be clearer and stronger than theirs. His perceptions must be an enriched sublimation of common sense.

This paragon must have both the pride and the modesty to know himself as a respectably benevolent institution for the diffusion of good literary judgment. He is a missionary of critical curiosity, scrupulousness, and wisdom to the general, but he should also be readable to the elect. He should arm every man so that he may protect himself from both the open and the insinuating attacks on his intelligence by the subsidized reviewers, the publishers' advocates, and all the other workers of confusion wherever there ought to be discreditation. Expert competition has made the advertising page that exhibits the new wares something of a work of art, corresponding to the Japanese trick of *ikebana* or flower arrangement which a recent sceptical expositor has described as "a conglomeration of science, ignorance, art, etiquette, and amusement." The honest and beneficent critic whose outline we are trying to draw should be an offset to the cunning exorbitance of the advertiser. Perhaps that is his prime function. If so, then his secondary one should be constantly to urge the ethical and aesthetic good, as well as the sheer pleasurableness, to be won by a return to those dead who were able to write "modern" books before we happened to be born. Just to-day a critic of this order reminded us that "courage in facing and veracity in reporting the facts of life are no more characteristic of Theodore Dreiser than of John Bunyan." And we should certainly be less foolish children if we had the wit to conceive that a rereading of Robert Browning's dramatic lyrics, for

example, might be after all a better time-filler than an excited gulping of the latest "imagists."

"The highest criticism," observed Emerson in his Journal, "should be written in poetry." This may be taken as meaning, for one thing, that all good criticism should have style. Now the defenders of efficiency as a comprehensive ideal maintain that, like logic, it is merely a means to an end, that it is simply the shortest distance between two points. But in any kind of writing that belongs to literature, whether as a proper member or as a retainer, efficiency, so far as the medium of expression is concerned, is not the shortest distance between two points. There is a kind of criticism, researchful and speculative, to which a direct and undiluted style, though rare enough, is surely the most valuable instrument. The self-regaling kind of criticism that frisks and flourishes is marked by a style in which all liberties are permitted, all sorts of electrical devices for the agitation and delectation of the mind. The decorous and soft-tongued style of the "uplifters" is guilty of no extravagances beyond that of fluent platitude. Each of these several styles is relatively homogeneous. But that exercised by our fourth kind of critic, with his tactful compromise, must be variable and complex. It must allow for surprise and epigram, for venturesome generalization, for the pushing of figure as far as it will go, for the sharp thrust or the bludgeoning blow of irony or ridicule, for the sober tone of stern moral protest or exhortation, and for utmost literal precision of phrase wherever definition or statement of fact or principle is required. Ideally it calls for a versatility, a daring, and a restraint that only a talent extraordinary to the point of approaching genius can entirely command.

Our critic who achieves the broadly beneficent compromise must hold, also, to a positive and yet flexible doctrine in his judgments, a doctrine both hospitable to the varieties of literary endeavor and severe in its tests of what entitles any work to the place of merit. In one of his lectures, Walt Whitman once quoted Baudelaire as follows: "The immoderate taste for beauty and art leads men into monstrous excesses. In minds imbued with a frantic greed for the beautiful, all the balances of truth and justice disappear. There is a lust, a disease of the art faculties, which eats up the moral like a cancer." These sen-

tences are somewhat violent, and are applicable to not a great deal of the writing that belongs to our own time. But they are significant for us because underlain by a sound philosophy (hardly to be looked for in such quarters), correspondent to that which Brunetière was careful to show had come to be the motivating force in the later criticism of Taine. Add to the excesses of an "immoderate taste for beauty and art" those of an immoderate devotion to the naturalistic reporting of "facts of experience"; add to the "frantic greed for the beautiful" the frantic zest for the noisy, the savage, the mysterious, the funny, the sentimental, the economic, the crass. The right philosophy of criticism, recognizing distortion, incompetence, and misconception in their multiple manifestations, and knowing divers ways of exposing them, will adapt its various means to its general end of correction, so that first, it may be understood, and second, it may be felt. Friar Claude and Friar John will still prosper, no doubt, and also their gentle brother. But the critic who effects the happy compromise of useful qualities to be found in all three, and escapes the particular foibles of each, will be the more admirable member of society—unless, as is not unlikely, he turn out to be an illusion!

GEORGE R. MACMINN.

LITERARY AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

M. Jouve, the French poet, said to me recently: "We have confidence in America at the moment when the life of Europe is so profoundly menaced." The same spirit pervades the reply of the five hundred French intellectuals to the address of the five hundred American intellectuals. This reply was drawn up under the auspices of the Paris Society of Men of Letters, which reminds me of an earlier and somewhat similar message from this same body but sent in this case to a single American. I refer to the very long cablegram received early last spring by ex-President Eliot of Harvard, "a message of appreciation and gratitude," he writes me, "based on the publication in France of quotations from my letters about the war printed in the *New York Times*, and particularly from the letter printed in the *Sunday Times* of March 12, 1916." In the letter just quoted, which was a reply to one from me in which

I asked Dr. Eliot if he was disposed to make public the text of the cablegram, he further says:

I have thus far kept the despatch from President Lecomte concealed in my files, because I thought its publication might make a bad impression on the American public, which has greatly admired the stoical restraint and reticence of the French people during their heroic struggle against the German armies. I have consulted some friends who know France well and have the French cause very much at heart. To them I have shown the cablegram. Their opinion is the same as my own.

Since receiving this letter, I have seen the original text of the cablegram in question and I also agree with President Eliot that its tenor is undiplomatic; it is too severe and shows too imperfect a knowledge of the condition of things in the United States to be made public on the American side of the Atlantic. But in extenuation it should be remembered that this telegram was composed in the midst of the terrible and then uncertain attack on Verdun and at Paris with the Germans only seventy or eighty miles away, and signed by a father, M. Georges Lecomte, whose son, I believe his only son, had recently been killed at the front.

Professor Maurice Masson, a rising scholar of France, also fell at about the same time as the son of President Lecomte. But just before the war broke out, he had completed an extensive work on Rousseau which he presented to the Sorbonne as a thesis for the doctor's degree. The day was fixed for this learned second lieutenant to run down to Paris in order to defend his thesis, and the necessary leave of absence had been obtained, when, shortly before the time arrived, he was killed at the front. However, on the appointed date, the professors, attired in their academic gowns, with Dean Alfred Croiset at their head, met and took their seats at the long table, each with a copy of the thesis before him, while at the end of the table stood the empty chair of the heroic candidate. Then it was moved that he be given the doctor's degree and the award, which was made unanimous, aroused the deepest feeling on the part of professors and on-lookers. A few weeks later this decision of the Sorbonne was approved by the French Academy, which, continuing the delicate custom established since the war of conferring its literary prizes on the young men of letters fallen in defence of their country, bestowed the Grand Prize of Literature on Professor Maurice Masson.

This sad episode brings out in a striking way the present disposition in France, mentioned in the letter of President Eliot quoted above, to suffer in silence. Thus, at the begin-

ning of Professor Masson's thesis, "La Religion de Jean-Jacques Rousseau," a superb volume of some 450 pages, are an "Avant-Propos," a "Post-Scriptum," and a "Note Préliminaire," and at the end of the volume is an "Addendum"; but in none of these is there anything to indicate that the author was killed in battle on April 16 last, though in the post-scriptum he seems to have had a premonition of his tragic end, for he refers to "the hypothetical leisure of a peace which I may never know." On the contrary, every thing appears to have been done to lead the reader to suppose that the soldier-professor is among the living. Thus, on the title-page, after his name, he is declared to be "Professor of French Literature at the University of Freiburg, Switzerland," where, by the way, he had risen to be the dean of the faculty of letters; and in the long bibliography at the end of the volume, the last title given is that of a book by him on Chateaubriand, which "is to appear." The only thing that could awaken suspicion as to the real situation was the visiting card of Madame Maurice Masson, with its deep border of black, which accompanied the sending of the thesis. These same remarks hold true of the three-volume edition of the thesis issued for the public (Paris: Hachette, 3 fr. 50 each). In fact, the supposition that Professor Masson is still alive is further increased by this edition because facing the title-page in each volume is a list of his works, and the last one, "Lamartine," is stated to be "in preparation."

Perhaps before quitting the subject of Rousseau, I should call attention to a rather curious little "find" made by M. Julien Tiersot, the French composer and librarian of the Paris Conservatory, consisting of an unedited musical composition of Rousseau, and report that in this connection M. Tiersot has re-expressed to me his pleasant recollections of America, where he lectured some ten years ago on musical subjects before several of our universities and colleges. He then received "an ineffaceable impression of the lakes and cascades of the Cornell region and of the sympathetic and attentive listeners of Wells College."

But, to return to the Sorbonne, the first example of the presentation there of a posthumous thesis was that of the artillery lieutenant, Jean Daniel, killed at the battle of Champagne, on September 24, 1915, two days after he had finished correcting the final proofs of what, I am told, was an important work on vegetable anatomy and biology for the doctorate of sciences. The unfortunate

candidate was the son of Professor Lucien Daniel of Rennes University, and the jury, presided over by the well known botanist, Professor Gaston Bonnier, awarded him the degree "with highest honors," on December 18 last.

Still another young French scholar was lost on the firing-line, September, 1914. "Sonnets à Laure" (Paris: L'Art du livre, 20 rue de Condé), edited by M. Landry, whose real name was Lebègue, son of Professor Henri Lebègue, one of the Sorbonne philologists, was the last book of this cultured youth, of whom the afflicted father thus speaks in a recent letter:

In less than six months my son edited four works, including ones by Ovid, Petrarch and Ronsard. He was more interested in the artistic than the philological side of his studies, but if he had lived longer, I would have advised him to use more authentic texts than those he did use.

Abbé Jean Welter, a highly cultivated graduate of the Paris College of the Social Sciences, who has been in the trenches since the beginning of the war, has been more fortunate than the scholars just mentioned. In a letter written last month from the Verdun front, he says:

I went to Paris on May 27th, and defended my thesis at the Sorbonne. I had the best of luck. The professors awarded me a *cum laude*. And then I came back to the struggle here on the Meuse. So far Divine Providence seems to have watched over me in this combat and I trust it will be so to the end. I dare not try to tell you of the fight we have been keeping up here since February 21st. It surpasses all that the mind can imagine. But the tide of defeat is turning against the violators of the sacred laws of humanity. We soldiers know that the generous sympathies of your fellow countrymen have ever been with us. I trust that the war is now nearing its end and that Alsace-Lorraine will again form a part of the French nation.

And he signs his name, not Jean Welter, which looks too Teutonic and might endanger his life, but Jean Gauthier, and adds, "For military reasons I have changed my name until the end of the war."

Abbé Welter's thesis was an annotated edition of "Speculum Laicorum," a collection of pious anecdotes compiled in Great Britain at the end of the thirteenth century, a learned review of which work by Professor T. F. Crane may be found in "The Romanic Review" for April-June, 1915.

By the way, I cannot let pass this occasion to show that scholarship, so apt to be denied to our country, is often flatteringly recognized by Europeans. Thus, in a previous letter, Abbé Welter wrote to Professor Crane, who, as you know, stands high as a folklorist on both sides of the Atlantic:

After Professor Charles V. Langlois, my teacher at the Sorbonne, now director of the National Archives, I regard you as my master. So please accept the expression of the gratitude which a pupil should feel for his venerated master.

After what has just been said, it is no wonder that Professor André Lalande, also of the Sorbonne, should write to the July "Philosophical Review" that on account of the dearth of professors, killed or at the front, French women holding a philosophical degree have been put in charge of classes of college boys almost old enough to be called to the colors; which reminds me of another notable advance which woman has made recently in the French field of university instruction, where Mlle. Jeanne Duportal, the first woman in France to receive the degree of doctor of letters, is also the first woman to lecture before the faculty of letters at the Sorbonne. Professor Duportal makes a speciality of art subjects and her last course was on the history of French engraving, "which I hope to continue next year," she said to me not long ago.

In connection with this whole subject of the French universities in the present crisis, let me call attention to two excellent articles in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" of July 15 and August 1,—"L'Université de France et la Guerre," by M. Raymond Thamin.

A conversation which I have had with M. Yves Guyot also touches on some of these same university questions brought to the fore by the war. M. Guyot is the well known political economist and politician, and he always holds decided and original views on every thing he speaks about. Here is what he said:

Yes, there will be considerable difficulty in finding our future college professors when the peace comes, if for no other reason than that some 130 pupils of the great feeder of our faculties, the Paris Superior Normal School, have already perished at the front. Then too there will be a great increase in French patriotism and, I am happy to say, a consequent loss of German university prestige among a large number of our professors who were more or less affected by the disease. I hope now we will get rid, in our intellectual work, of German style and German ways,—heavy theses, an accumulation of trivial facts, useless bibliographies, a lot of artificial means which these Teutons gave out to be real learning, but which were in truth only mechanical devices. Then again, also through Germanic influence, economic science as taught in our great Paris law school had been turned from the right path by Cauwès, who, without knowing any thing about the subject, accepted the first chair created there on that matter, about 1880, and who thereupon began doling out to his students Schmoller and Adolf Wagner from over the Rhine. But Girard and Brière, the Paris publishers, brought out a French edition of these men's works, and when we could get a somewhat clear idea of what they were saying, all their prestige quickly faded away. The law school began to break away from these teachings about 1895 and the war, I think, will completely emancipate it. I hope also the war will put an end

to another Teutonic importation, if I am not mistaken,—our university system of competitive examinations which make Chinese of us all.

Largely on account of this same anti-Teutonic feeling, the centennial of the birth of Count de Gobineau did not pass entirely unnoticed at Paris this summer. His biographer and expounder, Baron Ernest Seillière, has been showing in a series of able articles that, contrary to the opinion of some of his countrymen, Gobineau must not be regarded as one of the protagonists of Pan-Germanism, notwithstanding his having been taken over long ago, bag and baggage, by the Teutons; and M. Paul Souday in "Le Temps" shows that he shares the view of Baron Seillière, and then adds: "Gobineau was in reality a Mérimée or a Stendhal, and at least the equal of the first if not wholly the equal of the second."

Perhaps this is the moment to call attention to the rather interesting fact that one of the very earliest appreciators of Gobineau was the late Dr. Charles D. Meigs, the distinguished Philadelphia physician and surgeon, who in the sixties translated one of Gobineau's novels, for this rather vaporous and very versatile author wrote history that was fiction and fiction that was history, his enemies used to say. In the introduction to this novel, Dr. Meigs offers a eulogistic estimate of Gobineau that would warm the cockles of the heart of the whole tribe of German extremists, and when he sent the delighted count, then a prophet wholly without honor at home, a copy of this novel, he slipped into it a photograph of himself on the back of which he wrote: "With the most sincere expression of perfect admiration and true affection, with gratitude for the best teacher I ever had in the world." This volume and photograph are still cherished by one of the daughters of Gobineau and the grandson shows them with evident pleasure at this moment when a certain section of the ultra-patriotic French intellectuals cast out their progenitor as little else than a "Boche"; and the living descendants of Dr. Meigs also take a just pride in the perspicacity of their father and grandfather in singling out for veneration a writer who, then overlooked by the learned world, is to-day one of the most "discussed" thinkers of modern France.

The tri-centennial of Shakespeare has also received due attention in various parts of the continent. Perhaps the most interesting of these celebrations was that held in Denmark, because it took place at Elsinore, made famous by "Hamlet," where the chief speaker was the well-known Shakespearean critic, Georg Brandes, who has sent me the

full text of his remarks, striking in many particulars, from which I take this single passage:

Hamlet is the guardian spirit of Denmark; much more celebrated than any Dane who has ever lived, and who, though not the product of any Dane, is nevertheless our strongest claim to the world's fame. . . . Never has a Dane been able to do for Denmark what this Briton, Shakespeare, has done for us.

And while the Danes at home were celebrating the memory of the great bard, a Danish publicist of Paris, F. de Jessen, went a step further and, taking up a subject which has been considerably refurbished this year, declares in "Le Temps" that there is much ground for believing that Shakespeare had actually been at Elsinore; apropos of which view he writes me:

Denmark is particularly rich in a literature on this subject, and Mr. Julius Clausen, librarian of the Copenhagen Royal Library, has published recently a well documented study on this subject in which he is one of the best authorities.

August 25, 1916.

THEODORE STANTON.

CASUAL COMMENT.

UNFORBIDDEN FICTION, like unforbidden fruit, lacks the charm of the forbidden. Already mention has been made here of the surprising apathy with which the removal of library restrictions on fiction—the abolition of the one-novel rule, for instance—has been received by the very persons who had before been clamoring for larger liberties in novel-reading. Letting down the bars to the pleasant pastures of romance does not result, as it might have been expected to result, in any noticeable increase in the circulation of fiction. At first a few novel-gluttons may indulge in an orgy of sensational thrillers, if the library has them, but the general average of book-circulation in this department is soon restored. A recent Report of the Pratt Institute Free Library shows that a five-year average of fifty-two per cent for fiction circulation in that library had not been disturbed in the slightest by the granting of larger privileges. The librarian adds: "This matter of placing fiction on equal terms with other literature as the people's privilege, though seemingly a somewhat radical step, proved a measure of easy adoption that gave no shock to the ordering of our work. There has been revealed no insatiate appetite for novels that has clamored for precipitate indulgence; but the wholesome public taste has been exhibited in the moderate percentage of fiction that the year's circulation shows. Moreover, the perplexities at the charging desk have been reduced by no longer requiring a

strict differentiation in the books brought for stamping. The always irritating questioning of the individual's choice of books has been abolished, and, still better, the various subterfuges which the public everywhere devise with surprising ingenuity in order to evade restrictions, need less be brought to bear upon our patience and credulity."

LORD REDESDALE, like many another writer before him, was at his best when relating his personal experiences. His recent death at the ripe age of seventy-nine brings again to public notice those engaging volumes in which he has told of his social and diplomatic and literary activities, and of the many friends whose sayings and doings contribute no little to the charm of those reminiscences. Algernon Bertram Freeman-Mitford, first Baron Redesdale of Redesdale, was born February 24, 1837; was educated at Eton and Oxford; and began his life in the wide world by entering the Foreign Office at the age of twenty-one. He was appointed Third Secretary of Embassy at St. Petersburg in 1863—long before "Petrograd" was dreamed of; transferred to Pekin two years later, and to Japan in 1866, becoming Second Secretary of Legation there in 1868. Various other offices and dignities came to him, and he was decorated for his public services. Besides the above-named "Memories" he wrote "Tales of Old Japan," "The Bamboo Garden," "The Attaché at Peking," "The Garter Mission to Japan," and "A Tragedy in Stone." Always near the top in London social life, he enjoyed the close friendship of King Edward, and was acquainted with other sovereigns. A happy ease of manner is said to have graced all his performances, whether diplomatic or political or social. From the many quoted passages of conversation in his autobiographic volumes—conversation with countless notabilities of his time—we quote, as not void of interest to-day, the following from Garibaldi's lips: "Is it true, is it possible it can be true, that there are in England people who are desirous to abolish the existing order of things and set up a republic in place of your monarchy? They must be fools. In England you have the finest form of government in the world—a republic of which the president rules by the will of the people, and, being hereditary, depends on no political ery of the moment. There is not the continual danger of some one saying, 'Come out of that place, that I may get into it,' and so no perpetual risk of upheavals. I only wish I could see Italy blessed with such a republic; then I should be quite content."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY are usually, but not always, encouraging to those interested in the advancement of learning and the spread of good literature. It has chanced of late that some evidences have shown themselves of a certain increase of lawlessness, or carelessness, among the frequenters of our public libraries,—a sort of demoralization that might seem to denote a contagious influence exerted on our local civilization by the war-rent, passion-torn, semi-brutalized countries of the Old World now locked in a desperate strife that pays small regard to the sanctities, much less to the amenities, of a well-ordered mode of existence. A library in one of our large cities has just reported, among items more pleasing to review, an increase during the past year of thefts and mutilations in the reading-room. One hundred periodicals have been illegally removed, and sixty-six mutilated. Sixty-nine books disappeared, but only one book-thief was detected; and while the annual loss amounts to but five in ten thousand volumes, that is far beyond the recorded average for the last eighteen years. At the outbreak of the war dire predictions were current of the inevitable demoralizing effect, even upon peaceful countries, of so conspicuous an exhibition of the baser side of our common human nature, with all the unedifying current literature, especially in newspaper form, that was sure to be forthcoming as one of the by-products of the conflict. The apparent fulfilment, in some degree at least, of these prophecies induces increased longing for the closing of the temple of Janus.

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EXHILARATION IN CATALOGUING is something the non-cataloguer finds it hard to conceive of as possible. Nevertheless this bibliographic game does yield its thrills and furnish its triumphs to the impassioned player. Imagine the proud sense of superiority felt by the learned maker of library catalogues in being able to puzzle the unlearned users thereof by entering in his author index, very correctly, "Wilson, Thomas Woodrow: History of the American People" before "Wilson, Sir William James Erasmus: Student's Book of Diseases of the Skin." The man in the street naturally expects to find "Wilson, Woodrow," after "Wilson, Erasmus"—these two writers having in early life dropped the superfluous names which the painfully correct cataloguer feels bound to retain. Reference cards from the longer to the shorter forms are, however, condescendingly supplied where indulgent consideration unites with rigorous accuracy

in the same cataloguer. Imagine, again, the delight of the young follower of the cataloguing profession who discovers for himself the little-known fact that the full name of the author of "David Copperfield" was Charles John Huffam Dickens, which he immediately substitutes for the carelessly incomplete "Dickens, Charles," of the ordinary catalogue. Conceive if you can, still further, the proud triumph of him who should at last settle by incontrovertible argument the long dispute over the proper catalogue form for joint authorship. Should one, for example, write "Crowe, Joseph Archer, and Cavalcaselle, Giovanni Battista" or "Crowe, Joseph Archer, and Giovanni Battista Cavalcaselle"? What undiscovered genius shall win the gratitude of cataloguers yet unborn by deciding for all time this vexed question? There is no lack of worlds to be conquered by the ambitious Alexander of the card catalogue. As Mr. J. Christian Bay reminded his hearers at the A. L. A. conference this summer, cataloguing is a science still in its formative stage. His stirring address on "Inspiration through Cataloguing" will be found in the August "Library Journal." Its tone, let it be added, is in a higher key than that of the present passing comment.

THE HOPEFULNESS OF LANGUAGE-INVENTORS, those ingenious designers of the various forms of world-speech that have been expected, each in its day, to gather all mankind into one linguistic fold, is something bordering upon the pathetic. Dr. Zamenhof christened his invention "Esperanto," or "the hoper," having already adopted the name as his own pseudonym. Of course the Latin *sperare*, the French *espérer*, our own *espoir*, and so on, are seen in the root chosen for this expressive designation of the sanguine successor to Volapük, which in its time, thirty or forty years ago, was fondly expected by its creator, Johann Martin Schleyer, to undo the confusion wrought at Babylon in the dim dawn of history; and doubtless every other attempt to make mankind unilingual has been attended with equal confidence of success. So it was, two centuries and a half ago, with Bishop Wilkins's "Essay toward a Real Character and a Philosophical Language," and so also in a still greater degree with George Edmonds's book, promisingly entitled, "A Universal Alphabet, Grammar, and Language, Comprising a Scientific Classification of the Radical Elements of Discourse," published in 1856. It would be little short of a crime to seek wantonly to quench the spirit of anyone cherishing the high hope of promoting by

some linguistic device the brotherhood of man. Such sense of brotherhood was never more needed than to-day. Therefore let no discouraging or flippant word fall from the lips of him who reads in a late number of "World-Speech," the monthly advocate of "Ro," published at Marietta, Ohio, these brave words from its editor and publisher, who is also the inventor of the new language: "Ro is growing constantly and becoming easier, more euphonious and more logical. We sincerely think it is destined to be the language of the whole earth." A noble faith, the convinced Ro-ist will say, and a not extravagant hope; to doubt would be disloyalty, to falter would be sin.

HIGHER BOOK-PRICES, like higher food-prices, are the order of the day, especially in the belligerent countries; and the worst of it is that, having once gone up, prices are very reluctant to come down again. Both books and beef climb with agility in the price-list, but descend as unwillingly as a boy returns to school after Labor Day. From London comes the news that Messrs. Nelson have announced the advance of their seven-penny books to ninepence net, while their Shilling Library will become a shilling-and-threepence library. Probably London publishers generally will follow this lead. The seven-penny book has always stood on a precarious footing, financially, only the Nelsons, with their exceptional facilities, making it an assured success, and its increased price is likely to be permanent. Meanwhile the six-shilling novel becomes more firmly established than ever, all the publishers agreeing that it stands in no danger of being superseded by its cheaper rival. As one publisher expresses it, "Until authors learn to live on beans and black bread, the six-shilling or five-shilling net novel is safe." In war, as on other occasions of extraordinary outlay, it is the helpless consumer that pays the cost.

THE SEGREGATION OF JUVENILE READERS in our public libraries has made for the welfare of all concerned. Children's rooms were scarcely known twenty-five years ago; now they are a recognized feature of the well-equipped library. Even separate buildings for the young folk have recently been coming into use. The first of its kind — in Brooklyn, we believe — was soon followed by a second, at Medford, Mass., and the adult reader is by no means disposed to view with disfavor the increasing separation between him and the inevitably unquiet juvenile element that has

no legitimate place within the hushed precincts of the library proper. Rather than suffer from the annoyance caused by such a disturbing factor, even a lover of children may forego his library privileges altogether. At one of the branches of the New Haven Public Library, as the librarian reports, "owing to the number of children using the library it is almost certain that many adults feel crowded out." And this inference is strengthened by what has been noted at another branch in the same city, where "it has been found that a decrease of the number of children using the library has been attended by an increase in the number of adults as users." In all this there is intended no disparagement of the healthily active and noisy youngster. He is merely out of harmony with his environment in a resort intended primarily for his quieter elders.

THE BENEFICENT PLAGIARIST is he who renders again what he has appropriated, with an added touch of excellence. When Longfellow adopted Sir Francis Drake's expressive phrase and gave it to us in memorable verse ("He has singed the beard of the king of Spain") he did no injury to the English naval hero's memory, but rather the reverse, and at the same time enriched our literature with a line that has long been a "familiar quotation." When Edward Dyer wrote "My mind to me a kingdom is," he handed on, in improved form, Seneca's saying, "Mens regnum bona possidet." When Shakespeare assured the world that "good wine needs no bush," he did us a service by reducing to epigrammatic form the longer and less convenient maxim of Publius Syrus. When Bacon said of wives that they are "young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses," he only neatly abbreviated what had already been expressed in more labored form by earlier writers. Professor Mustard, of Haverford College, in his "Classical Echoes of Tennyson," collects some of the instances of that poet's indebtedness to the Greek and Latin authors read by him in his student days. Plagiarisms these instances should, of course, not be called, nor will they be so called even by the poet's detractors; for the thought or conception of an earlier author may properly be regarded as "his at last who says it best." Pope, himself a frequent borrower of other men's ideas (and he returned the loan to the world with handsome interest), has left us a memorable definition of true wit, — "What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

BOOKS LOST TO SIGHT, but to memory dear, are not unheard of even in comparatively small private libraries. How much more frequently this temporary eclipse occurs in large public libraries, all public librarians know only too well. An inventory of its books just taken by the Cambridge (Mass.) Public Library reveals misplacement, and hence temporary loss, of 556 volumes, though the shelves were re-arranged not long ago. Seven hundred volumes were found to have incorrect shelf numbers — another source of confusion and perplexity. Worst of all, the open shelves (for only a partial open-shelf system prevails at Cambridge) showed a loss, presumably due to bibliokleptomania — how much less ugly a term than theft! — of 538 volumes. On the other side of the account, one is glad to add, must be placed the discovery of twenty-six books that had been mourned as lost and had been replaced. The librarian, in his report of these losses and recoveries, offers a grain of comfort for the former in the assertion that where unlimited open-shelf privileges are granted the disappearance of books is much greater than where only such restricted freedom is allowed as at Cambridge. Sadly apparent is it that not by any means in all cases can the librarian treat his public in the generous spirit of Lowell's lines:

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

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THE NEED OF BOOKS ON THE MEXICAN BORDER, to relieve the tedium of our boys in khaki, who of course cannot fill with military drill all the time of their watchful waiting, has prompted the Rockefeller Foundation to give fifteen thousand dollars for libraries for the soldiers. The Red Cross also contributes a large collection of reading matter, and the Y. M. C. A. coöperates in this work. Public libraries, too, in some of the Texas cities, notably San Antonio and Mercedes, are sending out books to the military camps. Scientific and descriptive works of local interest are provided, but the indispensable novel, to chase dull care away, will also be supplied, especially the standard and wholesome fiction always in demand with normal readers. Next to the essentials of bodily sustenance and comfort, the soldiers in both hemispheres crave the wherewithal to enliven the deadly monotony of military service; and the most unfailing instrument to this end is a good book.

COMMUNICATION.

IN DEFENCE OF *VERS LIBRE*.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In your issue of August 15 appears a letter entitled "Poetry and Other Things," by Mr. H. E. Warner. In this letter, Mr. Warner states that "Amy Lowell labels Milton and Dante back numbers." This is very specific; unfortunately I have never said any such thing. Great art can never be a "back number." What must have confused Mr. Warner is that I have often stated that art takes on new forms in succeeding generations, and that an artist must express himself in the form natural to him and his time. Milton did not write in the forms which suited Langland; Dante did not express himself in the Latin of the Middle Ages.

Of course, poetry is a spoken art. Writing is a mere symbol by which thought can be reproduced to anyone cognizant of the symbol. It never seems to occur to Mr. Warner that the lines are a part of the symbol, and quickly give the rhythm to a trained eye. It is true that *vers libre* could be written as prose; for that matter, so could a sonnet. But the lines are in one, as in the other, a sure guide to the reader. It shows a very slight conversance with the prosodies of other times to consider metrical rhymed verse the only form proper to poetry. Doubtless it is this ignorance which has caused so much hysterical fear on the subject.

That *vers libre* has come to stay is undoubtedly the case. It has been with us for some three hundred years already. The choruses to Milton's "Samson Agonistes" are in *vers libre*, so is much of Dryden's "Threnodia Augustalis," and Blake wrote many of his prophetic books in the form, to say nothing of modern writers, such as Matthew Arnold, W. E. Henley, Francis Thompson, etc.

A little knowledge of the history of English versification would serve as an anodyne for these agitated conservatives. That *vers libre* will absolutely supersede metrical verse in English poetry is, to say the least — problematic. Art, like life, is subject to evolution; but, also like life, it has a way of returning upon itself after a time. The whole Renaissance movement was merely the result of a renewed interest in, and understanding of, antiquity. Mr. Warner and his ilk should take heart in the thought that possibly in a hundred years or so, poets will be rediscovering the sonnet and glorying in its practice.

But why do people take the trouble to write pages and pages to prove that what is, is not, and more, cannot possibly be? The word "poetry" seems to intrigue them. We care nothing for the word, all we are concerned with is the thing. And do these excited gentlemen not realize that for a form of art to rouse them to such vigorous protest can only mean that the movement it represents is instinct with vitality?

Still, even when roused, misquotation is hardly a fair weapon.

AMY LOWELL.

Dublin, N. H., August 28, 1916.

The New Books.

A PROPHET OF EVOLUTION.*

Although a voluminous Life of Wallace was published ten years ago, we welcome Mr. Marchant's volume as a useful summary of the labors of that great naturalist. It is by no means a mere abstract of the autobiography; it not only covers the last years of Wallace's life, subsequent to the publication of the larger work, but includes many new letters of great interest belonging to the earlier periods. The whole of the correspondence between Darwin and Wallace, so far as preserved, is given. The chapter on home life, by Wallace's son and daughter, is charming. From every point of view, it must be said that Mr. Marchant has been successful in producing a book which will remain as one of the more important and permanently valuable biographies of scientific men.

Our interest in Wallace has much less to do with the external circumstances of his life than with the development of his ideas and the expression of his remarkable personality. He was a great amateur, and as such contrasted strongly with the usual American type of naturalist, produced by the colleges. Those who have been brought up in the relatively narrow paths of scientific and academic orthodoxy may well be amazed at Wallace's strange and diverse opinions, or at his broad interests. If we hold that he would have been wiser to confine his activities to a narrower field, or if we believe that his freedom was only justified by his genius, we may yet ask ourselves whether we are not likely to err in an opposite direction. English nineteenth century science was dominated by a set of men who could hardly have developed as they did in any other country or period; in certain respects the very weakness of academic and official life in scientific fields gave them their opportunity. To-day our young men are fed into the jaws of a machine,—a splendid and beneficent machine to be sure, but still a machine, which produces types rather than individuals. It is unthinkable that we should do without our institutions for higher education; the very fabric of our civilization depends upon their development. But, like all institutions, they have tendencies to be fought and guarded against. Fortunately the interplay between the different foci of scientific activity all over the world affords a fair guarantee against excessive rigidity of doc-

trine. It is not to be expected or feared that science will ever develop an orthodoxy comparable to that of certain churches; but it is possible through educational processes to influence the mind in such a manner that without any visible constraint it will move in narrow circles. One so trained could never do the work of a Darwin or a Wallace, though he might do things which they could not.

The relations between Darwin and Wallace have often been described, but now that everything is set forth in full we can appreciate even better than before the admirable spirit shown by both men. Upon the appearance of the "Origin of Species," Wallace wrote in 1860 to his friend Bates:

I know not how or to whom to express fully my admiration of Darwin's book. To him it would seem flattery, to others self-praise; but I do honestly believe that with however much patience I had worked up and experimented on the subject, I could never have approached the completeness of his book — its vast accumulation of evidence, its overwhelming argument, and its admirable tone and spirit. I really feel thankful that it has not been left to me to give the theory to the public. Mr. Darwin has created a new science and a new philosophy, and I believe that never has such a complete illustration of a new branch of human knowledge been due to the labors and researches of a single man. Never have such vast masses of widely scattered and hitherto utterly disconnected facts been combined into a system, and brought to bear upon the establishment of such a grand and new and simple philosophy!

About fifty years later, at the jubilee meeting of the Linnean Society, Wallace said:

I should have had no cause for complaint if the respective shares of Darwin and myself in regard to the elucidation of nature's method of organic development had been henceforth estimated as being, roughly, proportional to the time we had each bestowed upon it when it was thus first given to the world — that is to say, as twenty years is to one week. For, he had already made it his own.

Mr. Marchant points out, and his book abundantly shows, that this modesty regarding his own work and desire to recognize that of others were characteristic of Wallace throughout his life. Indeed, his tolerance of others and readiness to believe in their good intentions more than once led him into trouble, though fortunately in Darwin he found a man fully equal to himself in his generosity and sense of justice. As he grew older, Wallace came to what might appear paradoxical conclusions concerning human nature and society. It seemed to him that "our whole system of society is rotten from top to bottom, and the social environment as a whole in relation to our possibilities and our claims is the worst that the world has ever seen"; while at the same time he felt that practically *all* human nature, given favorable conditions, was capable of good. So he said:

*ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE. Letters and Reminiscences. By James Marchant. With portrait. New York: Harper & Brothers.

It is therefore quite possible that *all* the evil in the world is directly due to man, not to God, and that when we once realize this to its full extent we shall be able not only to eliminate almost completely what we now term evil, but shall then clearly perceive that all those propensities and passions that under bad conditions of society inevitably lead to it, will under good conditions add to the variety and the capacities of human nature, the enjoyment of life by all, and at the same time greatly increase the possibilities of development of the whole race.

These may be exaggerated statements, but they express the necessary aims of moralists, who may be permitted to show the optimism of workers in another field, who look forward to the day when the last of the infectious diseases will disappear before the attacks of medical science.

Wallace never became converted to any definite programme of eugenics, but he believed that with the increasing education and independence of women, indirectly eugenic results would come from more intelligent choice in mating, defective types being eventually eliminated. War he regarded as barbarous and inexcusable, and among his last writings were some letters to the "London Daily News," suggesting that it should be made a law of nations that flying machines should not be used to drop bombs on towns, etc. The present reviewer made an attempt at the time to get one of these letters reproduced in an American journal ("The Outlook"), but without success. In this, as in so many other matters, Wallace was ahead of current public opinion.

A very useful appendix gives for the first time a practically complete list of Wallace's writings. Mr. Marchant states in the preface that the available letters and documents by or concerning Wallace would fill four volumes instead of one. Possibly at some future date some of these materials may be published, but they will only add details to the essentially adequate and clear account which he has given us.

T. D. A. COCKERELL.

THE POWERS OF THE FEDERAL EXECUTIVE.*

The fact that this is a presidential year makes particularly timely the publication of three volumes dealing with the powers and duties of the federal executive. Two of these volumes have an especial interest in being by ex-President Taft. The one entitled "The

* THE PRESIDENCY: Its Duties, Its Powers, Its Opportunities, and Its Limitations. By William Howard Taft. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

OUR CHIEF MAGISTRATE AND HIS POWERS. By William Howard Taft. New York: Columbia University Press.

THE FEDERAL EXECUTIVE. By John Philip Hill. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Presidency" consists of three lectures on the Barbour-Page Foundation at the University of Virginia; while fuller than this book, and to some extent inclusive of it, is "Our Chief Magistrate," which contains six Columbia University lectures in the series which includes President Wilson's "Constitutional Government of the United States."

Mr. Taft has made no attempt to give an exhaustive discussion of the Presidency; he has spoken and written for the general reader rather than the special student. Both books are, to be sure, clear and accurate statements of what the President of the United States should and should not do; but their chief value lies in the fact that Mr. Taft's personal touches and excellent stories illustrative of the principles he discusses make the reader see one branch of the government as it actually is and realize the not very obvious truth of what Mr. Wilson told Congress when he first appeared there, "that the President of the United States is a person, and not a mere department of the Government, hailing Congress from some isolated island of jealous authority."

To the practice of reading the presidential messages Mr. Taft gives his cordial approval; he believes that the chief executive should be a real leader, that there should be greater co-operation between the President and Congress, that the Cabinet officers should have seats in the legislature, that the merit system should be greatly extended, and that the finances of the government should be controlled by a responsible budget system. The discussion of these suggested reforms is particularly able and furnishes powerful arguments for readjustments in the direction of parliamentary government.

As was to be expected, Mr. Taft is eminently conservative and judicial. He is no narrow constructionist but he realizes that there is a federal constitution. The reader of these volumes, with their detailed consideration of the powers of the President to veto legislation, to make appointments, to execute the laws, to command the army and navy, to pardon, and to exert in foreign relations an authority, the enormous extent of which recent events have for the first time made fully clear, cannot fail to gain a clearer conception of the functions of the presidency, of the directions in which the office should develop, and also of his own responsibilities as a citizen participating in the choice of a chief magistrate.

Both the judicial and legislative branches of the federal government have retained their machinery practically unchanged, but far-reaching modifications have occurred in the

executive department since the Constitution was adopted. It is the purpose of Mr. Hill's book to trace the creation and development of the federal executive departments which are now ten in number, the last, the Department of Labor, having been created in 1913. This gradual development has been the result of the growth of the nation together with the co-incident extension of federal control to include many new functions.

First of all, Mr. Hill points out the meagre constitutional basis of the federal executive. The Constitution provides that the executive power shall be vested in the President, who is also given the administrative authority of appointment, if Congress so provides, to such offices as may be created, and he may require written opinions from the principal officers of the departments. It was evidently the intention of the framers that the power of the President should be political and military rather than administrative, but there has grown up the extra-constitutional, complex system of executive departments provided for by acts of Congress.

After an explanation of the legal status of each department and a general consideration of how the federal executive is organized, Mr. Hill proceeds to a more detailed discussion of the departmental functions. These he divides into four arbitrary but sufficiently logical groups, in accordance with Preamble to the Constitution. The Departments of State, the Treasury, and the Interior perform the function of maintaining "a more perfect Union"; the Departments of War, the Navy, and Justice "insure domestic tranquility"; the Departments of Agriculture, Commerce, and Labor promote "the general welfare," and the Post Office secures "the blessings of liberty." The author concludes his book with an analysis of the part played by Presidents in extending the executive power, and a discussion of probable developments in the future. He thinks that the creation of Secretaries of Education and Transportation in charge of Departments will be the next step, although he deprecates any increase in the size of the Cabinet. Contrary to Mr. Taft, he thinks that "the presence of the Cabinet in Congress would seriously interfere with the power of the Executive."

Mr. Hill's volume covers ground which is by no means unexplored, and it seems to the reviewer that he has missed two capital opportunities to make a real contribution to political literature rather than a re-statement of the sufficiently known. The outstanding fact of the federal administrative power is the enormously increased scope of its activities, all

accurately indicative of an extended federal control which is not widely known, and which is largely among the non-essential functions of the state. The consideration of this is very meagre.

In the second place, it would seem proper if not necessary in any discussion of the federal executive that there be included a description of the ordinance-making powers, not only of the President, but also of his executive officers. Congress has, in many instances, delegated its law-making powers, but Mr. Hill (or for that matter Mr. Taft) does not advert to this important, and from the standpoint of Anglo-Saxon legal traditions, revolutionary development. Within its limited scope, however, the work is well done. It is doubtful whether the subject matter bears out the claim that the volume is related to the question of preparedness.

LINDSAY ROGERS.

A REAL AMERICAN DRAMATIST.*

Not long ago I read an elaborate history of American literature which has been widely read abroad, with a consciousness that the perspective of our literary historians must be imperfectly, nay blindly, caught. In the entire length and breadth of this work, there was no recognition of the existence of such an entity as "the American drama," and, an even more remarkable circumstance, no reference, even the most casual, to any American play. It is not enough to say that one cannot write about a non-existent quantity; it is not an adequate excuse to affirm that it is humiliating to refer to the pathetically inept and crudely provincial attempts at drama put forth in this country. Employing European standards of valuation in criticism of the drama, I have found that few dramas produced in this country are entitled to consideration in the larger movements of the drama in the contemporary era. Among the very small group of dramatists who have flowered up out of our soil must be included the name of Clyde Fitch, whose versatility in technique, skill in catching the just sheen of local color, and power to cross frontiers with ease and distinction compel his considerate inclusion in future adequate histories of American literature.

There can be no doubt that the publication of the collected dramatic works of any American dramatist, in especial of Clyde Fitch, is an event of no little importance in American literary history. Indeed, if I were asked to

* PLAYS. By Clyde Fitch: edited by Montrose J. Moses and Virginia Gerson. In four volumes. Memorial Edition. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

pronounce a judgment upon the present status of the drama as a branch of literature in this country, I should be forced to acknowledge that the outlook is drear and the accomplished works inconsiderable in number. The lack of a single published history of the American drama does not conclusively demonstrate its non-existence; the extreme rarity and inaccessibility of very many specimens of our American drama may well have successfully interposed a barrier to research, of very formidable proportions. The real significance in the appearance of the four volumes now under review is found in the reflection that at last there has been developed in this country a reading public for plays. How slow this movement has been in English-speaking countries, how startlingly rapid the recent changes in this respect, is evidenced by the fact that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones details the following conversation of only ten years ago: "On talking over the matter with a leading American dramatist, I was delighted to find him one with me in desiring that the immediate publication and circulation of plays may become an established custom among us." The primary reason for desiring this, to be sure, is not merely that the public may read theatre pieces which for one cause or another they are denied the opportunity of seeing in the theatre, but that the dramatist may consciously strive for the creation of literature which shall stand the grilling test of print, as well as the cruder, and wholly different, test of stage production. I repeat, the publication of these plays, written for the theatre by Clyde Fitch, is an event of real importance in the history of the American drama.

If we go over the list of his plays, adapted from foreign sources, written in collaboration with others, or solely his own creations, we are confronted with a formidable array of some fifty-odd pieces, ranging from the discreditable and salacious "Blue Mouse," adapted from the German, and the graciously charming "Beau Brummel," written in collaboration with the late Richard Mansfield, to such powerful and original works as "The Climbers," "The City," and "The Truth." The restraint and good judgment displayed by the editors are well attested by the fact that the works included in the volumes under review number only twelve, in the following order: "Beau Brummel," "Lover's Lane," "Nathan Hale," "Barbara Frietchie," "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," "The Climbers," "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," "The Girl with the Green Eyes," "Her Own Way," "The Woman in the Case," "The

Truth," and "The City." These plays are of very uneven merit, and readily fall into three classes: historical, in the sense of being based on historical events and personages; topical and provincial, lightly dealing with American and, in particular, New York types and figures, at a definite period in our history; and genuine modern comedies, written in this latter day of Hervieu, Sudermann, and Galsworthy.

It would be a task of supererogation and cruelty combined to point out the faults of Clyde Fitch as a dramatist. No one familiar with his acted as well as his printed plays can deny that he possessed certain qualities which stamped him as a craftsman of more than ordinary excellence. In the superficial externals of life, the trivial *indicia* of a period, the pastel shadings of local color, he possessed a skill that was as patent as it was shallow. His figures were often portraits of certain actors, or rather actresses; the plays themselves were not, then, original productions, but adumbrations,—Fitean projections of these players' personalities and temperaments and idiosyncrasies. The man was effeminate in nature, juvenile in mentality, bird-like in a sort of empty sprightliness. His plays were often a delight to the American public, full of a sort of obvious, yet genuine, cleverness of dialogue and ripost, which were elementary enough to be grasped by the most ordinary type of brain; and dripping with a brand of glucose sentimentality, cloying and immature, which is one of the most conspicuous marks of the emotive arrest in the development of our national character. Imagine an Ibsen or a Hauptmann, at the last moment, considerably dashing off a small part, in one of his completed plays, for a disappointed actress, somewhat *passée*, who did not meet the requirements of one of the major rôles for which she was cast! Yet that was Fitch—kind heart, conscienceless craftsman.

It cannot be gainsaid that Fitch was a psychologist of subtle insight—along theatrical lines, a "master," in a small way, in feminine psychology. His "Girl with the Green Eyes" is a definite enlargement of our conception of the rôle of feminine jealousy; "The Truth" is a study in the habit of lying almost equally interesting as a piece of psychological analysis. "The City," gruesome as is the theme, has always impressed me as Fitch's strongest claim to recognition for its genuine and graphic picture of the New York point of view, in regard to the value of money as an instrument for happiness. The play's significant thesis is revealed in George's climactic speech, in which he proclaims that it was not

the City, but the characters of the city-mad people which assure their own downfall. The City merely serves as an excuse, not as a first cause, for exposing the secret rifts and hidden defects in their characters and their souls. When, after the great catastrophe which has involved them all, the others declare that the City alone was to blame for all their troubles, George passionately declares:

No! You're all wrong! Don't blame the city. It's not her fault! It's our own! What the city does is to bring out what's strongest in us. If at heart we're good, the good in us will win. If the bad is strongest, God help us! Don't blame the city. She gives the man his opportunity; it is up to him what he makes of it! . . . A man goes to the gates of the city and knocks! . . . And she takes him in — and there she strips him naked of all his disguises — and all his hypocrisies — and then she says to him, "Make good if you can, or to Hell with you." And what is in him comes out to clothe his nakedness, and to the city he can't lie!

It is gratifying to recall that Fitch, by reason of his cleverness, his expert craftsmanship, his psychological insight, his flashing and cosmopolitan humor, and his real power in portrayal of characteristic phases of American metropolitan life, had a foreign vogue by no means inconsiderable. A legitimate reflection upon American standards of appraisal and a *reductio ad absurdum* of the crystallized American view of Fitch's talent was the genuine foreign success of "The Truth," notably in England, Hungary, Russia, and Scandinavia, and its conspicuous failure (commercially) in the United States. The cosmopolitanism of the contemporary European stage is well illustrated in the foreign success of so melodramatic a piece as "The Woman in the Case." It is surprising, in a way, that Fitch did not win greater foreign vogue; for he was an avid student, "on the ground," of foreign popular successes, and wasted much time, to his great financial profit, in adapting glittering foreign farces and light comedies for the American stage. Beyond doubt, at the time of his death, Fitch was the American dramatist with a voice of the greatest carrying power — or should we say, one who could manufacture machines which had the smoothest running gear and ran furthest on the smallest supply of petrol! His published plays reveal all the weaknesses of even his best efforts. He wrote but one "Climbers," the type-drama which held the richest possibilities, scarcely realized, for his future development as a dramatist of sustained power and broad scope. With all his cleverness, he possessed one ineradicable fault: he was deficient in general ideas of sufficient importance to give to his plays the real vitality of contemporary classics. Daz-

zed by the returns of the box-office, doped by the momentary success of superficial dramatic recreations, he basked joyously in the esteem of flattered actresses and wasted forever the precious talents which, though they could never have been mistaken for genius, might well have made secure for him beyond peradventure a really elevated position in the earlier history of the American drama.

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

AN AMBASSADOR, IN TRUTH.*

Though we may often smile, with the cynic, at the shadowy part which diplomats have played in international affairs, we occasionally have an opportunity to make the acquaintance of an ambassador who has really helped two nations to a better and more cordial understanding of each other. And in these days when everyone talks glibly of "the enemy" and "liars" and "atrocities" it is all the more refreshing to find such an ambassador writing a book that from cover to cover is full of good will. No American need be reminded that M. Jusserand, the present French ambassador, has been intimately connected with the life of the United States during a long period of years. Yet one is rather startled when told in concrete terms just how long the period has been:

Thirteen years is a long space of time in an ambassador's life; it is not an insignificant one in the life of such a youthful nation as the United States; I have now witnessed the eleventh part of that life. Something like one-fourth or one-fifth of the population has been added since I began service here. There were forty-five States then instead of forty-eight; the commercial intercourse with France was half of what it is now; the tonnage of the American navy was less than half what it is at present; the Panama Canal was not yet American; the aeroplane was unknown; the automobile practically unused. Among artists, thinkers, humorists, critics, scientists, shone LaFarge, McKim, Saint-Gaudens, William James, Mark Twain, Furness, Newcomb, Weir Mitchell, who, leaving a lasting fame, have all passed away.

This long association with American life, and a growing conviction that France and America have "a similar goal ahead of them, and, to a great extent, similar hard problems to solve," led M. Jusserand to prepare his illuminating volume, "With Americans of Past and Present Days."

Somewhere in one of his chapters M. Jusserand speaks about a peculiar trait of the French people, namely, "their aptitude for disinterested enthusiasm for a cherished idea." It is scarcely too much to say that the entire volume is at once an exposition and

* *WITH AMERICANS OF PAST AND PRESENT DAYS.* By J. J. Jusserand. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

an amplification of this theme. The seven papers that constitute the book, though on widely different subjects, keep reminding us in many agreeable ways that France has had a "disinterested enthusiasm" for America; and the conscientious labor required in the preparation of the more important papers attests the enthusiasm of M. Jusserand himself.

The first and longest paper, "Rochambeau and the French in America," is the most obvious contribution to the author's theme. Although it is full of interesting sidelights on many aspects of the American Revolution, and would be valuable for these alone since it is based upon unpublished documents, its chief purpose is to show that the French came to the aid of the Colonists not because they wished to humiliate England, as all American schoolboys have been told, but because the Colonists were struggling for the very liberty that was becoming a cherished idea in France. The author reminds us that there was "an immense aspiration" among the French people at that time; that the "French masses were becoming more and more thinking masses"; that only six years elapsed between the end of the American Revolution and the beginning of the French; and that a decade before the French Revolution the French people looked upon America as the place where democratic institutions might be established with the least possible difficulty. Furthermore, he suggests that there was little anti-English feeling either in France or among the French soldiers in America:

It is often forgotten that this time was not in France a period of Anglophobia, but of Anglomania. Necker, so influential, and who then held the purse-strings, was an Anglophile; so was Prince de Montbarey, minister of war; so was that Duke de Lauzun who put an end for a time to his love-affairs and came to America at the head of his famous legion. All that was English was admired and, when possible, imitated: manners, philosophy, sports, clothes, parliamentary institutions, Shakespeare, just translated by Le Tourneur, with the King and Queen as patrons of the undertaking; but, above all, wrote Count de Ségur, "we were all dreaming of the liberty, at once calm and lofty, enjoyed by the entire body of citizens of Great Britain."

Among the soldiers in America there was scarcely more evidence of hostility toward the English. When the battle was on, the French fought valiantly; but they fought because the only way to establish liberty in America and carry out the experiment of self-government was by defeating England. "During the intervals between military operations relations were courteous, and at times amicable. The English gave the French news of Europe, even when the news was good for the latter, and passed to them newspapers.

'We learned that news' (Necker's resignation), writes Blanchard, 'through the English, who often sent trumpeters and passed gazettes to us.'" And although these practices did not please the Americans, they seem to have been in keeping with the official attitude of the French. In a paragraph on the surrender at Yorktown—a paragraph that ought to be forwarded to all the warring nations of Europe before the final battle is fought—we have these words:

No trace of a triumphant attitude toward a vanquished enemy appeared in anything they did or said. Even in the surrendering, the fact remained apparent that this was not a war of hatred. "The English," writes Abbé Robin, "laid down their arms at the place selected. Care was taken not to admit sightseers, so as to diminish their humiliation." Henry Lee (Light Horse Harry), who was present, describes in the same spirit the march past: "Universal silence was observed amidst the vast concourse, and the utmost decency prevailed, exhibiting in demeanor an awful sense of the vicissitudes of human life, mingled with commiseration for the unhappy."

This pro-American attitude was most effectively carried into practice by Rochambeau. Although he was fifty-five years of age and ill when he was called to Versailles in the middle of the night to "receive the instructions of his Majesty," he soon forgot his inflammatory rheumatism, and put the zeal and energy of a young man into his preparation for the American enterprise. When he arrived with his five thousand men he succeeded in overcoming the prevailing prejudices against the French, and he gave no one any ground for complaint against his soldiers. "I can answer for the discipline of the army," he writes; "not a man has left camp, not a cabbage has been stolen, not a complaint has been heard." This would be astonishing enough if we were not told a little later that the apples on the trees overhanging the soldiers' tents remained untouched! "He seemed, Ségur said in his memoirs, 'to have been purposely created to understand Washington, and be understood by him, and to serve with republicans. A friend of order, of laws, and of liberty, his example more than his authority obliged us scrupulously to respect the rights, properties, and customs of our allies.'" And when the siege of Yorktown was over, Rochambeau not only invited Cornwallis to dine with him, but learning that he stood in need of money, lent him as much as he desired. Later, when a building at the College of William and Mary, occupied by the French as a hospital, accidentally burned, Rochambeau immediately paid for it. He cherished the good will of America. Nothing in his conduct, as it is revealed in the documents M. Jusserand employs, suggests

that he and his army were in this country merely on a mission of hate.

The second paper in the volume is a study of Major Pierre L'Enfant and his work as original architect of the city of Washington. L'Enfant came to America in 1777, at the age of twenty-three. Fifteen years later, when it was decided to establish a federal city, he was favorably known as an artist and engineer. He was known also as a person of very bad temper, "being haughty, proud, and intractable." Despite his disagreeable personal characteristics, President Washington asked him to plan the new city, since he evidently had more of the required ability than anyone else in the country. M. Jusserand has given an interesting account of the boyish enthusiasm with which L'Enfant began his work; the grand scale on which he conceived the city; his superstitious fear of speculators at the time the city was about to be opened; and the manifestations of temper that finally caused him to be dismissed. He has, moreover, written the pathetic chapter of L'Enfant's last days when he was the "permanent guest" of the Digges family in their house near Washington, and when his earthly possessions, consisting of two or three watches and some surveying instruments, were valued at forty-six dollars. The story would have been unspeakably pathetic had it ended with the close of L'Enfant's life. But M. Jusserand has told us of the reports of the Park Commission and the Senate committee in 1902, with their recommendation that L'Enfant's original plan of the city be carried out, and that departures already made from this plan be remedied wherever possible. He has told us, too, of the tardy but impressive ceremonies attendant upon the removal of L'Enfant's ashes from their resting place on the Digges property, where their location was marked only by a tree, to the Arlington cemetery in 1909. So we find that fate was not wholly heartless, after all.

The third paper, "Washington and the French," is complementary to "Rochambeau in America." It is not based upon so much unpublished evidence as the first paper, and the subject treated lacks the comparative freshness of the second; yet it is scarcely less interesting than either of these. It acquaints us with Washington's early prejudices against the French, due to his Anglo-Saxon associates and probably to his reading of the "Spectator," and then reveals the manner in which, after Braddock's defeat, he came slowly to respect the French and to understand their "disinterested enthusiasm." We learn anew of Washington's affection for

Rochambeau and Lafayette, and his interest in the French Revolution; and we gain some knowledge of his advent as an heroic character on the French stage in 1791. Incidentally, we have a welcome account of the last days of Citizen Genet, whose activities had been so burdensome to Washington. This paper, as well as the first one, helps to disabuse the minds of all those who are accustomed to look upon Washington as a marble statue. It is comforting to anyone who likes to think of the great as being quite human, to know that when it was learned that DeGrasse was coming to the rescue with his fleet, Washington threw himself into the arms of Rochambeau. Evidently this is the same Washington who, on a wager, danced for three hours with the wife of General Greene without leaving the floor.

These three essays constitute more than three-fourths of M. Jusserand's volume. The other four, "Abraham Lincoln," "The Franklin Medal," "Horace Howard Furness," and "From War to Peace," are less important; but they contribute to the author's purpose of showing the close relation in history and in spirit that exists and should exist between France and the United States. The one on Lincoln, though full of deep feeling, can scarcely be as interesting to American readers as the one on Washington. It throws interesting light, however, on the attitude of France toward the Union during the Civil War, and it makes clear the wide and permanent influence that Lincoln has exerted on French life.

One puts down the book with a new conception of the large part that France has played in the destiny of America, and a reconstructed notion of the motives that prompted her support of America's cause. One cannot read the volume without the overwhelming conviction that there might have been no American independence, at least for the time, had there not been a spirit of liberty growing irresistibly in France. And, though many are deeply indebted to M. Jusserand for all that he has previously contributed to knowledge, this new volume will undoubtedly surround him with a still larger circle of admirers. Without it, even in spite of the new revelation of French strength of character that the present war has made, we might easily have gone on for generations without a just notion of what France has really contributed to the "great American experiment." Yet in the volume there is no attempt at self-glorification, either for France or for the author. The book professes to be only a series of collected papers; yet it is

representative of an admirable kind of scholarship that belongs peculiarly to France. It is sound, modest, and simple. Much knowledge was required to produce it, but little is required to understand it. In giving the volume to the public, M. Jusserand has rendered a service not only to America but to the cause of understanding and truth.

ROLLO WALTER BROWN.

RECENT FICTION.*

Mr. J. D. Beresford and Mr. Gilbert Cannan come in the unarranged numbers of "younger men" of whom English fiction has a cheerfully prosperous number. Mr. Bennett, Mr. Wells, Mr. Galsworthy, and Mr. Conrad are become fairly well fixed in the general mind, but people are not very sure about Mr. Hugh Walpole, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, Mr. W. L. George, Mr. Oliver Onions, Miss Ethel Sidgwick, Mr. Somerset Maugham, or Mr. Beresford and Mr. Gilbert Cannan. Each has a little group of admirers, but if you ask someone who knows all about Mr. Walpole who Mr. Beresford is, you are likely enough to meet with blank ignorance and vice versa. In fact it is wholly possible to say that Mr. Beresford is one of the "first six living realists" and few could positively deny it, partly because they would not know just who the five other realists might be, and partly because they would not know what Mr. Beresford had done which made him worthy of inclusion in any such vague (and curtailed) pleiad.

Mr. Beresford's previous work, however, is well worth being better known than it seems to be (in America at least), and "*These Lynnekers*" is even better, in that it is more completely definite and more obviously what its author intended. The three volumes about Jacob Stahl had something of that large vagueness which is common in the recent biographies of modern fiction, and lacked that feeling of completeness and single impression which one wants in art, but this book is more condensed and more satisfactory in that one can get a fair impression of it all at once. Jacob Stahl was a type of the sensitive man of letters. This book is the story of a worker.

Richard Lynneker is rather the best of the modern figures in which recent English novelists have tried to present the emergence of the twentieth century from the smoothed-over

chaos of Victorianism. Edwin Clayhanger is doubtless the best in presentation, but in himself is hardly typical of modern characteristics, Mr. Wells's Remingtons and Ponderevos are clearly nothing but rapid conjectures, Mr. Galsworthy's half-dozen rebels against the old regime are all drawn with an ironical insistence on their weaknesses and impossibilities. Of the later figures Philip Morel in "*Sons and Lovers*" and Michael Fane in "*Youth's Encounter*" are the most memorable, but one of them is an artist and the other an aesthete, and it is not clear that the twentieth century is to be particularly artistic or aesthetic. Dickie Lynneker was a worker. He came from an old family settled down into conservative self-indulgence in a rectory just outside Medborough, a cathedral town not far from London. His father, his mother, his elder brothers (both clerical), his elder maiden sister, all represent an acquiescence or a subservience in the established order in which they comfortably exist. His younger sister kicks over the traces and is for the time lost. Dickie, the youngest brother, buckles down to the different necessities and possibilities of life, and comes out at the beginning of the twentieth century on the sure road to be somebody. The family and the man are well drawn, but Mr. Beresford's most original achievement lies in his conception. We are by this time very familiar with the idea of the new man or the new woman rebelling against the imbecilities of old convention, and insisting on "being himself" or herself. We have had plenty of accounts of how people got rid of all sorts of religious rigidities, moral interferences, social tediousnesses, and so on. Losing one's faith, one's principles, one's habits (everything but one's honor, and often enough that too),—that is something we have got well accustomed to imagining, for it has been presented in the last few years with great vigor in a score of striking if slightly sketched-out forms. To us in America at least, that sort of thing seems rather old-fashioned and indeed conventional. With us the eighties and nineties, whatever they were, were not especially a time of the freeing of the individual from old restraints. With us (as with the French), they were rather a time of positive building up of new ideals of life out of all sorts of national material which had come to easy notice after the unhappy reactions of a great war. With us, as with the French, the thing the present generation had to do when young men and women was not to get free of binding conventionalities but to prepare itself for the many ways that offered of making life

* *THESE LYNNEKERS.* By J. D. Beresford. New York: George H. Doran Co.

THREE SONS AND A MOTHER. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: George H. Doran Co.

effective. It is by being that kind of person that Richard Lynneker seems to get into touch with the real currents of life better than any of the other figures (attractive though they be) of which current English writers, including Mr. Beresford himself, have offered us so many.

Such a conception is in itself something worth while, though not enough for greatness. Mr. Beresford has here happily succeeded in realizing his idea in a set of figures and an atmosphere indisputably human and presumably true. As to just what may have been life in a country rectory in the eighties and nineties the average reader will have but the vaguest idea; but Mr. Beresford's figures certainly seem absolutely and actually real. It may be that if we knew better we should criticize a little. When it comes to things that I think I know about I do criticize. For instance, Adela after five years in Canada comes back with American habits of thought and ways of speech; she says her brother looked "as if he was rubbering at the freaks in a dime museum." How it may have been in Toronto I cannot say, but in "the States" no one would ever have said that because the dime museum period was over and done with before the word "rubbering" came into use. In like manner, one of Adela's children (who "spoke pure American") "remarked on the cuteness of the back seat of the 'wagon.'" The word "cute" Mr. Beresford must have got from books; few use it at present, and no one who did would apply it to the back seat of a "wr' on" either in Toronto or anywhere else. So in very minor ways Mr. Beresford, where he does not happen to know the life he is presenting, depends on false authorities, and it may be that he does so in larger ways. But the general impression is quite the contrary; his book on the face of it is a rich and true working out of a sound and good conception, and that in a form which will be likely to make a much more definite impression than the larger and somewhat vaguer picture of life in the trilogy of Jacob Stahl. It naturally lacks the variety of that fine work; it has in it nothing quite so good as the best of it (the beginning of "A Candidate for Truth"), but taken as a whole it should do more to give people a high idea of its author.

However much Mr. Beresford and Mr. Cannan may be alike (their publishers call them both realists and other people have called both "younger men") there is not much superficial resemblance between "These Lynnekers" and "Three Sons and a Mother," unless it be that both are about families. The former is one of the biographies not uncom-

mon in fiction to-day, or perhaps autobiographies or near-autobiographies. Mr. Cannan has written such books himself; in fact he is rather apt to take up a person, get him out of old surroundings into new ones, and then show how life gets along *de novo*. That is always something of a biography, which may begin with birth and end with marriage, or begin anywhere else and end nowhere in particular, as is apt to be the case with modern realists. The present book is on the face of it different; it presents itself at least, as the story not so much of an individual as of the development of the life of a family. One gathers from some prefatory lines that it is a story of Mr. Cannan's own family, though of just what element is not very clear; we certainly do not have Mr. Cannan's own youth, for he did not grow up in the days when Victoria Regina was a young woman unless his age is nearer one hundred than is likely. Nor would Mr. Cannan be apt to present his own youth and that of his brothers in any such manner. However that be, the book gives a curious study of the Victorian age in its early days which is interesting reading along with Mr. Beresford's study of later Victorianism. Just why these able chroniclers of current history should betake themselves to the history of the day before yesterday and the day before that is hard to say. Many nowadays who are not absorbed in the moment are at least thinking of explanations of the moment. Mr. Cannan is at least frankly historical. "History" wrote the maiden sister who had lived in Germany and Italy, "is concerned with the absurd and rather theatrical doings of a few people." Mr. Cannan gives us an amorphous history of early Victorianism: we have the financial security, the subordination of everything to obvious success, the individual comfort and independence, the stagnant wealth and the unconsidered squalidnesses of poverty, the remoteness of religion, the theoretical freedom and the actual tyrannies of day-to-day life, the constant talk and discussion, the usual lack of beauty, thinking, comradeship, liberty (the phrases are mostly Mr. Cannan's), that we associate with the immediate past.

This view of Victorianism, however, does not come to the surface till one has got well along in the book. On the face of it the story is of a Scotch widow with five young children, who set out to make their fortune or fortunes in England. Margaret Lawrie had brothers who had "done well" in England. First Jamie the oldest boy goes down to Thrigsby, the growing North-of-England

cotton metropolis of the forties; he gets a foothold and brings down his mother and the rest of the family, and the story concerns their life, or at least the lives of the boys, who grow up, get on in business, marry, and so on. Such at least is the ostensible topic of the book; in reality Jamie Lawrie is the only one with whom the reader is given any sympathy, so that the book gets round to the common theme of the man of genius amid impossible surroundings. At the end Jamie goes to America to make certain journalistic studies; the book ends as he leaves England with a vague longing and a passionate hope, "going towards the New World where there had been wars of liberty." Possibly Mr. Cannan meditates a trilogy.

This much on the subject, however, does not really give us a sufficient idea of the book which is Victorian in its large inclusiveness and its detail. The publishers speak of Mr. Cannan as a realist. Of course that word may mean almost anything, but if it gives the idea of one who presents things as they really appear to an observer of life, who gives a picture of life, then Mr. Cannan is not a realist. Since the time of Balzac the writers of fiction have generally worked to give us an idea of how their people and their scenes appeared to the eye, to present us with something of a panorama of the world. Mr. Cannan throws all that overboard and deals with people almost in the spirit. Not that he says absolutely nothing about appearance and form, but he never carries on his account so that we are tempted to visualize it. Somewhere or other he calls his work a "comic vision" and such it is; comic in the Meredithian sense, and vision, not because it deals with something seen but because it deals mostly with spiritualities and states of mind with only form enough to make them comprehensible. There is much more to say on this subject which must be left out here, but so much it was well to say for the sake of the reader who might easily be bewildered in the current of short statements of fact that make the book, without much idea of whether it was carrying him. One will have to get half through the book before beginning to appreciate it,—at least I did.

The End of the Century and Early Victorianism,—are both of these curious topics for our modern realists? When one's own time becomes impossible then one may well enough turn to history. When everything seems shifting, unstable, ephemeral, one may well enough try to be free from passing impressions. English literary taste to-day is said

to be turning to "more serious" things. These two novels, at least, are more serious in intention than the great mass of our American fiction, and being well done are better worth reading.

EDWARD E. HALE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

A volume of intimate letters. In one of the letters of Mrs. Anna Jameson there is a humorous account of her preparation when she was to be presented to the Grand Duchess at Weimar. Her friend, Madame von Goethe, said very firmly, "Now Anna, remember that she is *Imperial Highness* and *talk, talk, talk!!* Do some credit to your own celebrity." It is with hope of such "talk" that a reader opens the thick volume of Letters (1812-60) edited by Mrs. Steuart Erskine, for although Mrs. Jameson is less of a celebrity to-day than she once was, there is still due to her admiration and respect for her service as critic of art and literature. Much of her work has been relegated to the limbo where go the sentimental and the ultra-Victorian, yet "Sacred and Legendary Art" is still useful, and still marks an epoch in which women entered brilliantly into the fields of criticism, poetry, and fiction. The daughter of an impecunious Irish miniature painter, the wife of an English barrister from whom she speedily separated because of complete incompatibility, Mrs. Jameson labored unceasingly that she might help support her mother and her sisters as well as herself. Of her many sorrows and perplexities, her personal trials, the letters give little sign. They are the chatty, rather objective, always spirited records of her travels and of her social experiences. She said much about others, little about her own work and her deeper life; but one finds a fascinating amount of material regarding her friendships, her relationships, formal and informal, with distinguished folk of many lands to which her studies had led her. She travelled in Italy, France, Germany, Austria, Canada, and the United States, gaining a breadth of outlook quite unusual for a woman in those days. Quick to note natural beauty, or traits of character, or significant facts in art or architecture, she wrote in a lively, anecdotal style, and her whimsical, feminine, Celtic minuteness of detail gives her letters zest. Who can deny the charm of intimacy at second hand, with the good and the great who appear in these pages? Mrs. Jameson's dearest friend was Lord Byron's widow; her next dearest was Goethe's daughter-in-law. Harriet Martineau, Maria Edgeworth, Adelaide Proctor, Margaret Fuller, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Gaskell, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Grote, W. E. Channing, "Barry Cornwall," Samuel Rogers, and Washington Irving were all known to her, in greater or less degree. Her friendship with Miss Barrett was a very great joy to the poetess, and it was Mrs. Jameson who played guardian angel to the young couple when the Brownings arrived in Paris after their marriage. Pictures of various members of

her family, a photograph of Gibson's bust of Mrs. Jameson, and facsimiles of autograph letters by the Brownings and others appear in the volume, which is a genuine contribution to the literary history of the Victorian Era. It reveals the world of that day as seen through the eyes of an eager, hard-working, and high-minded gentlewoman. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

An embassy outlook on Mexico.

Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy, in her letters from Mexico to her mother, now published with the title, "A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico" (Harper), makes no attempt to disguise her favorable opinion of Huerta, who seems to have impressed her as little short of a hero. The period of Mr. O'Shaughnessy's occupancy of the American Embassy as chief representative and defender of our interests in the troubled republic is covered, with much detail such as only a bright and observant woman could so vividly and vivaciously give, in these informal chats with the writer's mother. Little more than half a year elapses in the 356 pages that contain such parts of this correspondence as were deemed fit for publication, and one cannot find the narrative too long drawn out. Entering into the spirit of this narrative, and shutting one's eyes to all other aspects of the writer's theme, one can hardly fail to regret that the strong man so admired by Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had not been left unmolested to work out the destinies of his distracted country. In certain moods he is certainly no unprepossessing figure, as when he says of the imminent prospect of death that confronts him: "It is the natural law, to which we must all submit. We were born into the world according to the natural law, and must depart according to it—that is all." Two pages further on the author writes: "Whatever else life might have in reserve for me, this last conversation with a strong man of another psychology than mine will remain engraven on my heart—his calm, his philosophy on the eve of a war he knows can only end in disaster for himself and his people. His many faults, his crimes, even, his desperate expedients to sustain himself, his non-fulfilments—all vanish. I know his spirit possesses something which will see him safely over the dark spaces and hours when they come." It is a book well worth reading, even historically valuable in some of its first-hand evidence. It is well illustrated.

Psychology of relaxation.

Professor Patrick of the University of Iowa has brought together an interesting group of essays written with a consistent unity of purpose under the engaging title, "The Psychology of Relaxation" (Houghton Mifflin Co.). The theme includes such seemingly unrelated expressions of human nature as play, laughter, profanity, alcohol, and war; yet they each express a significant form of the activities by which the tedium of life is relieved and a mental equilibrium restored. The theme is peculiarly timely with likewise a special pertinence to the American public. For the spirit of a people

comes forward as characteristically in its recreations as in its labors; both reveal the temperamental traits. The restless American finds expression in the amusement-mad pursuit of the "movies," the new dances, the treating saloon, the comic supplements, the addiction to drugs, poker, the base-ball game, and the tendency to fads and isms. A saner employment would develop a more poised recreation. Underlying these varied expressions is a comprehensive psychology that takes its clue from the deeper meaning of play; for we all must play, and even in business find the pattern of interest in playing the game. Theory and practice are equally illuminated by the expert psychological touch of the trained observer. The reader is carried along intelligently to an insight into the meaning of the social expressions of the day. The most serious theme is that of war, which attracts and concentrates the intenser strivings that make life vivid and real; naturally one must count the cost. But it is significant that war sidetracks the social unrest, as fads absorb the energy generated by spiritual unrest. How a people responds to these persistent demands must ever remain a matter of moment to the intelligent observer of life.

A physician's opinion of medicine.

Remarkable in a great many ways is "The Memoirs of a Physician," translated from the Russian of Vikenty Veressayev by Mr. Henry Pleasants, Jr., and published by Mr. Alfred Knopf of New York. It is the recorded reaction of "an average practitioner, with average ability and average knowledge" to the conditions of life and work which meet such a man. His writing gives every evidence, even at cost to himself, of that absolute frankness which his introduction promises. Without effort at concealment or evasion the author discusses the shortcomings of the equipment wherewith the young medical man undertakes practice; he reveals the pitfalls of unforeseeable event, accident, and mistake which surround his path, unavoidable despite the most conscientious endeavor. He does not conceal the despair of his own soul at the realization of the insecure foundations whereon so much of therapeutics rests; he rejoices in the recital of those things upon which he may with security lay hold and base his work. M. Veressayev enters very thoroughly into a consideration of the problems attendant on examination and autopsy as practised in public and academic clinics; he discusses the difficulties of diagnosis; he writes of the appalling lack of technique prevalent among young doctors, and of the avoidable and inevitable risks of surgery. The status of medicine as an art, not a science, is treated in scholarly fashion; the ancient bugbear of vivisection receives a quietus at the hands of common-sense. The translator appends notes, many of which are valuable commentaries upon the text. The style of the book is easy, even colloquial at times, and not unpleasantly burdened with medical terminology. The translation seems adequate, though it is

not above splitting an occasional infinitive. The book should interest and profit any who have occasion ever to consult a physician, so ably does it set out the professional element of the equation governing the relations of doctor and patient.

Pageants and plays in the Elizabethan age.

The interest aroused by the tercentennial of Shakespeare's death is largely the occasion of a very helpful though not especially original work by Miss O. L. Thatcher called "A Book for Shakespeare Plays and Pageants" (Dutton). The book is primarily intended for those who would celebrate in an intelligent way the greatness of Shakespeare and his time by presenting his plays with due regard to contemporary conditions and by producing pageants illustrative of Elizabethan festivals and activities; but it also will serve as a guide to the student of the Elizabethan drama in that it brings together in compressed form much information about the external conditions that surrounded Shakespeare as a citizen and dramatist. Miss Thatcher brings out the significance in the production of plays and pageants of the royal revels and progresses, of the theatres and actors, of amusements, music, and dress, of Shakespeare's life and plays. The second part of the book, which is called "A Guide to the Pageant," contains valuable directions about the nature and constitution of processions. The order of some actual processions is given, based on the state records; such as, Elizabeth's triumphal procession through London on the way to her coronation and her procession in 1588, the year of the Armada. The order of other processions is made up of fact and tradition, such as those of Shakespeare's earlier years at Stratford and Shakespeare's London. The suggestion is made that the processional elements of fact and tradition be distinguished by external symbols so that the episodes of the deer-stealing in Shakespeare's life be marked off from known biographical facts. Two chapters of this book contain the music of songs and dances with directions for the latter, and another gives considerable information about contemporary costuming. The illustrations are helpful and very numerous. On the whole the book is an excellent guide to the plays and the pageants of the age of Elizabeth.

The beginning of English prose.

In his latest volume Professor Krapp of Columbia shows that he is more than a philologist and Anglo-Saxon scholar. "The Rise of English Literary Prose" (Oxford) establishes him as a literary historian of wide and accurate learning. His object is to trace from Wycliffe to Bacon "the growth of a temper and attitude of mind towards the use of speech." His method, except for separate chapters on Wycliffe and Bacon, is to summarize historically in six sections various genres or movements or groups such as the Courtly Writers, the Modernists, History and Antiquity, etc. There is surprisingly little technical discussion of style itself except in the chapter on Courtly Writers. Indeed a large part of the book consists of rather detailed

accounts of the many works treated often without any mention of style. The book is therefore a history of English prose from its real beginnings in Wycliffe down to Bacon, more than a history of English prose style. Many will feel that there is far too much biography and too much repetition of the ordinary facts easily accessible in the text-books. We could wish that Professor Krapp had used some of this space to discuss, for example, the much vexed problem of the essay form. These are, however, not vital objections. The volume throws light into many dark and unknown corners. The attitude of the author is broad and humane throughout. The style is always readable. Now we want from Professor Krapp another volume to cover the period from Milton to G. K. Chesterton.

The Switzerland of New England.

From Indian legend and history to competitive automobile ascents of Mt. Washington, Mr. Frederick W. Kilbourne's "Chronicles of the White Mountains" (Houghton) presents in full and readable form a more detailed and systematic history of our New England Alps than has before been attempted. No other mountains, except those of Switzerland, declares a student of the literature of the subject, have been more written about, and it is rather strange that a really comprehensive chronological survey of the theme was not long ago given to the world. In Mr. Kilbourne's four hundred ample pages we find the earliest legends and history of the region, an account of its exploration and settlement, its first and later hotels, its visitors from abroad and their impressions of the country, its invasion by scientific exploring parties and also by railway-builders, its famous trails, its notable characters, its lumber industry, its devastating fires, the disasters overtaking its too adventurous mountain-climbers, and many other details of historical and human interest. Maps and numerous illustrations are not wanting, and, in short, the book seems to be exactly the right one for White Mountain visitors and intending visitors, as also for those who would like to be but cannot be visitors, to read and enjoy at this season or any season of the year.

A study of comedy.

"The Drama of Sensibility" (Ginn & Co.), by Dr. Ernest Bernbaum, makes an attempt by skilful argument to establish a new view of sentimentalism in the eighteenth century. The author finds that in direct contrast to the humanistic view of life, sentimentalism is based on the confidence in the goodness of human nature. Thus, "true comedy" holds up the vices and follies of mankind for ridicule; sentimental comedy distorts and palliates these vices and follies, and by an illegitimate appeal to the emotions makes them appear mere peccadilloes. "Domestic tragedy," moreover, makes us weep with pity and joy over the suddenly reformed and blissfully virtuous sinner. Most of us will find it impossible to believe with Dr. Bernbaum that restoration comedy has consistently high moral purpose, but his argument always provokes thought.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Mr. Samuel Merwin's novel, "The Trufflers," now appearing serially, will be published late this autumn by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"The Wonderful Year" is the title of Mr. William J. Locke's immediately forthcoming novel, which is announced by the John Lane Co.

A volume of short stories of the stage by Mr. Henry Kitchell Webster is announced by Messrs. Bobbs-Merrill Co. under the title, "The Painted Scene."

Mr. Edgar Lee Masters's forthcoming volume of verse will be entitled "The Great Valley." It will resemble his "Spoon River Anthology" in method and treatment.

"Wit and Its Relation to the Unconscious" is the title of Professor Sigmund Freud's forthcoming volume, which Messrs. Moffat, Yard & Co. will publish shortly.

"Enoch Crane," planned and begun by F. Hopkinson Smith and completed by his son, Mr. F. Berkeley Smith, is to be published soon by Messrs. Scribner.

Professor William Lyon Phelps's studies of the novel which have recently been published in "The Bookman" are now promised in book form by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.

A volume of "Memories" by Mr. Edward Clodd is in train for early publication. It will contain reminiscences of Meredith, Huxley, Hunt, Mary Kingsley, Mrs. Lynn Lynton, and others.

Mr. E. H. Sothern's reminiscences of stage life, which have been appearing serially in "Scribner's Magazine," will soon be issued in book form with the title, "The Melancholy Tale of 'Me.'"

Mr. Joseph Pennell's "Pictures of the Wonder of Work," scheduled for early publication by Messrs. Lippincott, will contain fifty-two drawings and lithographs representing the dignity of modern labor.

Dr. Charles A. Eastman, whose Indian name is Ohiyesa, is engaged in writing his eventful life story which will be published by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. under the title of "From the Deep Woods to Civilization."

Mr. W. L. George will be represented on Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.'s autumn list with a volume of essays on feminism, which have been appearing in the "Atlantic Monthly" and "Harper's Magazine." The title of the book will be "The Intelligence of Woman."

A companion volume to Lafcadio Hearn's "Interpretations of Literature" is announced by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. The new book, like its predecessor, is composed of lectures by Hearn to his Japanese pupils and will bear the title, "Studies in Poetry."

A new series of books, described by its title, "Irishmen of To-day," is announced by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. The first volumes to appear are: "Sir Edward Carson," by Mr. St. John G. Ervine; "George Moore," by Miss Susan Mitchell; and "A. E." (George W. Russell), by Mr. Darrell Figgis.

A new volume of essays by Mr. E. V. Lucas, entitled "Cloud and Silver," will be published shortly. Most of the essays have been written during the war, the first part dealing with France and the Marne. Included in the collection is the series of fantasies which appeared in "Punch" under the title, "Once upon a Time."

Mr. Theodore Dreiser is represented on the announcement list of the John Lane Co. by two new volumes. In "The Bulwark," a novel, the author depicts the struggle of a Quaker to bring up his children in the orthodox way; "A Hoosier Holiday" is an account of a motor trip from New York City to scenes of the author's boyhood days in Indiana.

"Multitude and Solitude" is the title of Mr. John Masefield's new novel which Messrs. Macmillan will issue next month. From the same house will come: "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," by Mr. H. G. Wells; "The Green Alleys," by Mr. Eden Phillpotts; "Changing Winds," by Mr. St. John G. Ervine; and a novel, yet unnamed, by Mr. Hermann Hagedorn.

Several interesting volumes of essays appear on the autumn announcement list of Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Co. Among others are: "How to Read," by Mr. J. B. Kerfoot; "The Pleasure of an Absentee Landlord," by Mr. Samuel McChord Crothers; "Speaking of Home," by Miss Lillian Hart Tryon; and "French Perspectives," by Miss Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant.

Mrs. Harriet Preseott Spofford, in her eighty-first year, with her pen still active, has written for autumn publication "The Little Book of Friends," in which she tells of the lives of such gifted women as Celia Thaxter, Gail Hamilton, Anne Whiting, Louise Chandler Moulton, Sara Orne Jewett, Rose Terry Cooke, and Mrs. Annie Fields. Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. will publish the book.

A new book by Mr. C. R. Enoek is announced, entitled "Can We Set the World in Order? The Need for a Constructive World Culture." It is described as "an appeal for the development and practice of a science of corporate life, as contrasted with perennial economic strife, waste, and warfare: a new science of human geography and industry-planning, or constructive economic biology."

"Lord Kitchener in His Own Words" is the title of a forthcoming book by Messrs. J. B. Rye and H. G. Grosier. The authors have based their narrative on a large collection of Lord Kitchener's published papers, dispatches, speeches, and other pronouncements, linking his own words together with a running commentary. Personal estimates by colleagues like Lord Cromer and Lord Roberts are included.

"The Long Road of Woman's Memory," by Miss Jane Addams, is announced for immediate issue by Messrs. Macmillan. In her volume Miss Addams endeavors to develop the theme that many of the manifestations of modern society can be traced back to old tribal customs, and one of the most curious matters she deals with is the superstition of "the devil baby" which not long ago sprang up in the neighborhood of Hull House.

THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information

C. J. MASSECK, Editor

TRAVIS HOKE, Associate

Published by THE DIAL PUBLISHING CO., 608 South Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Telephone Harrison 3293.

MARTYN JOHNSON, President

W. C. KITCHEL, Sec'y-Treas.

THE DIAL (founded in 1880 by Francis F. Browne) is published fortnightly — every other Thursday — except in July and August, when but one issue for each month will appear.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: — \$2. a year in advance, postage prepaid in the United States and its possessions and in Canada and Mexico. Foreign postage, 50 cts. a year extra. Price of single copies, 10 cts.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: — Subscribers may have their mailing address changed as often as desired. In ordering such changes, it is necessary that both the old and new addressees be given.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are discontinued at the expiration of term paid for unless specifically renewed.

REMITTANCES should be made payable to THE DIAL PUBLISHING CO., and should be in the form of Express or Money Order, or in New York or Chicago exchange. When remitting by personal check, 10 cents should be added for cost of collection.

ADVERTISING RATES sent on application.

Entered as Second-class matter Oct. 8, 1892, at the Post Office at Chicago, under Act of March 3, 1879.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

September, 1916.

Abbott, Lyman, and "The Outlook." Theodore Roosevelt	Metropolitan American	Intervention, Interests and "Jobs" and "Life-Work."	B. C. Gruenberg	Forum
Actors, Salaries of. Renold Wolf	Rev. of Revs.	Joffre.	Scientific	Atlantic
America and the Russo-Japanese Alliance. K. K. Kawakami	Forum	"Kultur" in American Politics. F. P. Olds	Atlantic	Atlantic
American College, The. David Starr Jordan	Bookman	Labor and the Railroads. George Weiss	Forum	Forum
American Diplomatic Service. G. B. Baker	Quar.	Labor Organizations. G. E. Barnett	Quar.	Jour. Econ.
Arnold, Matthew, and the Drama. Brander Matthews	Bookman	Life, Origin and Evolution of. H. F. Osborn	Jour. Econ.	Scientific
Bethmann-Hollweg and German Policy. W. C. Dreher	Century	Literary Clinic. A. Samuel M. Crothers	Atlantic	Atlantic
Brusiloff, Charles Johnston	Atlantic	Long Island Sound. Winfield M. Thompson	Harper	Harper
Cancer, Scientific Investigation of. Leo Loeb	Scientific	Love as a Poetic Theme. Jessie B. Rittenhouse	Forum	Forum
Chemistry, Substances without. John Waddell	Scientific	McFee, William. Arthur J. Elder	Bookman	Bookman
Chinese Finance. A. P. Winston	Quar. Jour. Econ.	Madero's Death. The True Story of.	Forum	Century
Civilization Adrift. R. K. Hack	Atlantic	Magazines of the Trenches. Gelett Burgess	Forum	Forum
Danish West Indies. T. Lothrop Stoddard	Rev. of Revs.	Mexican Currency	Century	Century
Davis, Richard Harding, and the Real Olancha. W. H. Porter	Bookman	Mexican Mine, Working in a. Harry A. Franck	Century	Century
Differential Rates. G. P. Watkins	Quar. Jour. Econ.	Mexico. Sidney Austin Witherbee	Forum	Forum
Direct Government, Problem of Percentages in. C. O. Gardner	Am. Pol. Sc.	Mexico, Conditions for an Army in	Forum	Forum
Disruption, Political Theory of. H. J. Laski	Am. Pol. Sc.	Mexico, Last Phases in. Henry Lane Wilson	Forum	Forum
Drama for Rural Communities. A. G. Arnold	Rev. of Revs.	Militia, Collapse of Our. Sigmund Henschen	Forum	Forum
Duncan's Death in "Macbeth." Bernard Rosenberg	Forum	Mountains, Call of the. Le Roy Jeffers	Scribner	Scientific
Federal Reserve Banking System. O. M. W. Sprague	Quar. Jour. Econ.	Mysticism in War. Elsie Clews Parsons	Scientific	American
Fee-Splitting. Burton J. Hendrick	Metropolitan	New Hampshire. Winston Churchill	Scientific	Scientific
Feminism, Science and. R. H. Lowie and L. S. Hollingsworth	Scientific	Oceans: Our Future Pastures. Zonia Barber	Bookman	Bookman
Fire Insurance Rates. Robert Riegel	Quar. Jour. Econ.	Poe, Edgar Allan. J. H. Witt	Bookman	Bookman
Fox Farming. A. B. Balkow	Quar. Jour. Econ.	Prepare, Why We Wish to. Theodore Roosevelt	Metropolitan	Metropolitan
Freer Collection, The. Dana H. Carroll	Scribner	Presidential Diplomacy. H. M. Wriston	Am. Pol. Sc.	Am. Pol. Sc.
Friar Lands, The Philippine. H. Cunningham	Am. Pol. Sc.	Prisoner, The Released. F. O. Lewis	Rev. of Revs.	Rev. of Revs.
Fujiyama, Climbing. Raymond M. Weaver	Harper	Religion, Organized. Mercer G. Johnston	Forum	Forum
Gary Public Schools, The. R. S. Bourne	Scribner	Riley, James Whitcomb. C. V. Trevis	Bookman	Bookman
Gary System, The. Ide G. Sargent	Forum	Riley on a Country Newspaper. L. P. Richards	Bookman	Bookman
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Ice Patrol, International. P. T. McGrath	Rev. of Revs.	Santa Fé. Ernest Peixotto	Scribner	Scribner
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		Verdun, The Battle of. Raymond Recouly	Scribner	Scribner
		Simonds	Rev. of Revs.	Rev. of Revs.
		War and Human Progress. James Bryce	Atlantic	Atlantic
		War: The Second Year. J. W. B. Gardiner	Atlantic	Atlantic
		Weather, Effect of War on. Alexander McAdie	Atlantic	Atlantic
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LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 86 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

My Days and Dreams: Being Autobiographical Notes. By Edward Carpenter. 8vo, 340 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.25.

Memories: By Lord Redesdale. K. C. B. In 2 volumes, illustrated, 8vo, 816 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$10.

Joseph Fels: His Life Work: By Mary Fels. 12mo, 271 pages. B. W. Huebsch. \$1.

The Life of Huen-Tsang: By the Shaman Hwui Li. 12mo, 217 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.

Charles E. Hughes: The Statesman as Shown in the Opinions of the Jurist. By William L. Ransom. 12mo, 352 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.

William Newton Clark: A Biography, with Additional Sketches by His Friends and Colleagues. 8vo, 262 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

A Last Memory of Robert Louis Stevenson: By Charlotte Eaton. With portrait, 12mo, 62 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 50 cts.

HISTORY.

Shakespeare's England: An Account of the Life and Manners of His Age. In 2 volumes, illustrated, large 8vo. Oxford University Press.

A Political History of Japan during the Meiji Era, 1867-1912: By W. W. McLaren, Ph.D. 8vo, 380 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.75.

Our First War in Mexico: By Farnham Bishop. Illustrated, 12mo, 225 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

VERSE AND DRAMA.

Life and Living: A Book of Verse. By Amelia Josephine Burr. 12mo, 130 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.

Songs and Ballads from Over the Sea: Compiled by E. A. Helpa. 16mo, 359 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25.

Romantic Indiana: A Dramatic Pageant. By Augusta Stevenson. 12mo, 185 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.

The Fruit of Toil, and Other One-Act Plays: By Lillian P. Wilson. 16mo, 146 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. 75 cts.

Hilltops and Song: By E. B. Gilson. 16mo, 68 pages. London: Erskine Macdonald. Paper.

Bretton Songs: Done into English by Ruth Rogers. 16mo, 53 pages. London: Erskine Macdonald. Paper.

Rhymes of our Valley: By Anthony Euwer. 12mo, 95 pages. James B. Pond. \$1.

Layla Majnu: A Musical Play in Three Acts. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. 12mo, 60 pages. Paul Elder & Co. \$1.

Lundy's Lane, and Other Poems: By Duncan Campbell Scott. 12mo, 194 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.25.

Advent Songs: A Revision of Old Hymns to Meet Modern Needs. By Simon N. Patten. 8vo, 76 pages. B. W. Huebsch. \$1.

Our Heroes (1914-1916): By Aimee E. Eagar. 16mo, 45 pages. Erskine Macdonald. Paper.

My Dog Blanco, and Other Poems: By Rowland Thirlmere. 16mo, 55 pages. London: Erskine Macdonald. Paper.

FICTION.

The Brook Kerith: A Syrian Story. By George Moore. 12mo, 486 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

The Rising Tide: By Margaret Deland. Illustrated, 12mo, 293 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1.35.

Bonnie May: By Louis Dodge. Illustrated, 12mo, 355 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35.

Cannals of the Sea: The Voyage of a Soul. By William McFee. 12mo, 470 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Pleasant Ways of St. Médard: By Grace King. 12mo, 338 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.40.

The Woman Given: A Story of Regeneration. By Owen Johnson. Illustrated, 12mo, 458 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.40.

Witte Arrives: By Elias Tobenkin. 12mo, 304 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.25.

Wind's Will. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. 12mo, 379 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.35.
The Girl at Big Loon Post. By George Van Schaick. Illustrated, 12mo, 412 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.35.
The Curious Case of Marie Dupont. By Adele Luehrmann. 12mo, 324 pages. Century Co. \$1.35.
Windy McPherson's Son. By Sherwood Anderson. 12mo, 347 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.40.
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Brightened Mexico. By Ralph Wellford Smith. 12mo, 390 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.50.
Travels in the Middle East: Being Impressions by the Way in Turkish Arabia, Syria, and Persia. By Captain T. C. Fowle. Illustrated, 12mo, 281 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS—POLITICS, SOCIOLOGY, AND ECONOMICS.

Our Eastern Question: America's Contact with the Orient and the Trend of Relations with China and Japan. By Thomas F. Millard. Illustrated, 8vo, 543 pages. Century Co. \$3.
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With Serbia into Exile: An American's Adventures with the Army that Cannot Die. By Fortier Jones. Illustrated, 8vo, 447 pages. Century Co. \$1.60.
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